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CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

THE mellowing beams of a September sun were tinting the landscape around Old Point Comfort on a balmy day among the good old ante-rebellion times, when that aristocratic old watering-place was the fashionable resort of the *élite* of Southern society, at least second to if not equal with its sister resort for those who prefer the exhilarating air of the mountains to a dive in old ocean's briny billows—that paradise of politicians and pseudo knights-errant, White Sulphur Springs; days when the Rip Raps or the Soldiers' Home were the most distant points which the republican ruler of our great nation would ever dare to think of exchanging as a summer substitute for the White House.

On the day referred to, however, all the gay butterflies of fashion had winged their homeward flight; only those whose duties permitted them to remain and enjoy the lovely views from that charming spot, in one of the loveliest phases of nature, were yet remaining, but among these few only one represents hu-

manity in the mental picture of the outspread scene before us, and he an aged man, tall and dignified, the fire of intellect flashing from beneath his eyes, as yet undimmed by time of their volcanic lustre, the compressed lip evincing the mingled characteristics of kindly courtesy and impartial firmness; the tall, spare frame betokening a delicate physique, preserved almost in pristine vigor by systematically temperate habits; all indicated a man born to command among his fellow-men by swaying the golden sceptre of gentle firmness. Not one of the then visitors at the Point but could have told his name and station, as he sat absorbed in the apparently pleasing duty of completing a large manuscript. The man was Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and moved, perhaps, by the inspiration of surrounding nature going down so brilliantly to her wintry tomb, he, too, descending the path of life, his venerable ashen locks coruscating in the mellowed hues of honor, fame,

dignity, and all that constitutes the nobility of man, was penning, in his recreative leisure, his own biography. He very well knew that his personal career was a part of his country's history, and that as such, some hand must sooner or later undertake the work of its literary compilation. He knew, too, in the artless sincerity of his nature, that he alone, being the best judge, and having the most intuitive knowledge of the motives which had been the mainsprings of his long and eventful career, as well as the best recorder of those actions, would be lightening the labor of the future historian and biographer by himself furnishing the materials therefor, and so with that entire happy disregard of the opinions of his fellow-men as to the propriety of the action, which within due limits always distinguished him in the affairs of life, he was now, in the autumn of that life, penning the story of its springtime, unfortunately for himself, perhaps, that its golden summer and its variegated autumn were to be sketched by less abler hands when the winter of hostile discontent had closed around his tomb; for he could not know, then, that the greatest event of his life, the action on which men's minds would most earnestly dwell with conflicting sentiments of praise and blame, was not his official incumbency of two responsible positions as a cabinet officer of General Jackson, but an event which indirectly shook his country, and, through her throes, the world at large, almost to its very foundations; an event as yet far, far in the remote future of a prolonged existence, which even now made him seem like the ripened fruit ready to fall naturally to the ground; although it was ordained, in the order of Providence, that he, like Simeon of old, should linger out his fourscore years, and not depart until he had, by his

famous Dred Scott decision, proved unwittingly one of heaven's principal instruments in redeeming his country from a cause of contention, which had proved the thorn of her political existence, and had tortured, without hope of relief, the heads of the wisest and bravest of her sons, to little purpose, through long generations.

Unfortunately then, we say, that the biography, commenced that bright September day of 1854, runs no further than the commencement of its author's public career. Yet the childhood and youth of great men are, for strikingly obvious reasons, neither the least interesting nor the least important eras of their lives, for if the child be father to the man, then surely the story of his early years may be looked upon as the simple chart to the complicated phases of his manhood.

We have that portion of Mr. Taney's life before us, and will briefly consider it. His father, Michael Taney, was originally descended, in all probability, if we may judge from the name, of Welsh ancestry; but the memory of man running not that far back, we only know that he was descended from the early Roman Catholic settlers of Maryland, and himself was a well-to-do landholder and possessed of a large number of slaves.

The plantation was in Calvert County, on the Patuxent River, about twenty miles from its mouth. The ancestors of the Chief Justice on his father's side were all Roman Catholics, and suffered all the disabilities which the Catholic colonists of Maryland were obliged to undergo under the reign of William and Mary, the principal of which disabilities was the deprivation of a good education. So young Michael Taney, after getting his elementary tuition at home and from the occasional secret instructions of the priest, was, after the fashion of the times, sent off to St. Omer's and

Bruges, the noted Jesuit colleges of France. He returned home, however, before the Revolution, and, his father being dead, married Monica, daughter of Roger Brooke, a wealthy farmer on Battle Creek, which stream ran at an angle into the Patuxent near Michael Taney's house, the two families, the Taney's and Brookses, living nearly opposite, the one on the river shore, the other on the creek. The Brooke family seem to have possessed quite a fancy for astrology, for the ancestry of Mrs. Taney has been preserved to this day, with a curious precision of entry of time, date of birth, and the position of the planets at the auspicious moment of the several entrances of the members of the family upon the stage of existence. What their religion was is uncertain, but Roger Brooke was certainly a Roman Catholic. The offspring of Michael Taney and Monica Brooke was four sons and three daughters. The third child and second son, Roger Brooke Taney, was born March 17th, 1777. His education was received in the county schools, being first sent, when eight years old, to a school with "a queer teacher," whose only volumes of elementary lore were the Bible and Dillworth's Spelling-book. The condition of the people in the vicinity was very illiterate, and the principal reminiscence of Mr. Taney's experience at this seat of learning was the very small part he took in barring the teacher out of the school-house, as the surest means of bringing him to terms on the question of anticipating the commencement of the Christmas holidays. Thence he was sent to another school, the teacher of which imagined himself to be a disembodied spirit, and who finally drowned himself, while laboring under this hallucination, by attempting to walk across the river. After a short period of private tuition, young Taney was sent to

Dickinson College, where he became an assiduous and successful student, notwithstanding the fact that he was under the charge of another "queer" teacher, who wrote rhymed geographies and acrostics on his own name, which he compelled the boys to commit to memory and recite in a "sing-song style," and here the future Chief Justice graduated with high honors in 1795, delivering, on that occasion, the valedictory

On his return home, he spent a year in rest and in the indulgence of fox-hunting and similar sports incidental to the locality. He began in 1796 the study of law at Annapolis, in the office of Jeremiah Townley Chase, one of the judges of the General Court of Maryland, and was admitted to the bar in 1799. His first case was tried in the Mayor's Court at Annapolis, and caused him much embarrassment—a feeling which no subsequent success could ever entirely overcome, and which sprang most probably from his constitutional sensibility and melancholy, though the latter defect he seems to have conquered by his constant external geniality, just as his natural quickness of temper was so completely subdued, that in the most trying events of his checkered public career he always preserved the calmest judicial frame of mind, such slight indications as a flush on the cheek alone telling of the struggle within. Indeed, we have heard of but one instance in his life wherein he seems even justly to have evinced anything which might have been considered as resentment, and that was against the late Hon. William H. Seward in return for the rather too graphical picture the late sage of Auburn drew in the Senate Chamber after the inauguration of 1857, when he represented the Chief Justice and James Buchanan as whispering into each other's ears on the inauguration platform of the capitol of Washing-

ton, the plan of action which the coming "Dred" decision would enable the white cravat statesman of Wheatland to carry out in his administration. Mr. Taney is reported to have said years after that if Seward had been elected President in place of Mr. Lincoln, he, as Chief Justice, would have refused to administer the oath of office to him.

Business not being very brisk with the young attorney, he was through his father's influence induced to stand for the legislature, to which he was elected, and in the intervals of the session gave himself up exclusively to those rural excursions and poetic dreamings to which his romantic nature seems to have led him, and as a slight instance of which characteristic we may mention his life-long fondness for flowers. He ran a second time for the legislature; but being at that time a John Adams Federalist, he was one of the lesser victims of the great political revolution of 1800. He therefore took up his residence at Frederick, then a great legal centre for young members of the bar. It was now for the first time that he seems to have manfully overcome his natural timidity, and set himself in earnest to his profession. His studies were of a miscellaneous nature; but the exigencies of the times and the nature of the legal training of those days both combined to produce a better class of technical pleaders than the bar can present in our day; and, though strange to say, Mr. Taney had little or no practical office experience as a student, yet by dint of persevering industry he became especially noted for his aptitude in the forms of pleading. His business soon became sufficiently lucrative to enable him to marry, and his choice was Miss Ellen Key, sister of Francis S. Key, afterwards the author of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. Their

union was productive of a lifetime of unalloyed happiness, resulting from the congeniality of their tastes and inclinations, while their mutual devotedness to each other was remarkable. The almost chivalrous love which, up to the time of his mother's death, he seems ever to have displayed toward her, was, during all the long years of his married life, shared by Mr. Taney with his wife. He affiliated, too, with society in all its relations, although his tastes seem naturally to have inclined him to a retired life; but the spirit of self-conquest prevailed in this as in all the other duties of his life, and rendered him always the most hospitable of hosts or the most genial of guests. Several offices of importance and trust were conferred upon him during his residence in Frederick. He was appointed one of the trustees of its academy and director of the bank, and performed all the functions of those positions with marked energy and ability. He also defended successfully General Wilkinson in his trial for complicity in Burr's conspiracy, and refused all fees for his services. He was defeated as a candidate for the House of Representatives, but afterwards elected to the Maryland Senate, where he served with distinction. He also fully defended Mr. Gruber, an abolition minister, who had crossed the State line and preached a "fire-eating" sermon to the slaves. Nor is this by any means the only instance in which he acted with the happiest professional victories in defence of criminal slaves or "abolitionists." In the trial of causes he always advised amicable adjustment, if possible; and so great was his reputation for skill and prudence in his profession, that he argued in the Court of Appeals cases from every county. His courtesy to the bar and deference to the bench were of the most marked character, and his kindness to the younger and strug-

gling members of the bar are equally beautiful traits in his character. No wonder then that we soon find him removed to the larger sphere of action involved in the practice of the Baltimore bar, where we find him for many subsequent years completing the legal and ethical reputation which he had founded at Frederick, and where, among the many well-known and brilliant legal lights of the Monumental City, he shone second to none, and in fact soon became known as the leader of its bar, and afterwards received the appointment of Attorney-General of Maryland.

The second great political reaction against the recuperating forces of Federalism had carried Andrew Jackson triumphantly into the Presidency, and, after the dissolution of his "kitchen cabinet," in looking about him for a new body of advisers, the name of Mr. Taney was suggested to him as most suitable for the position of Attorney-General of the United States. They were total strangers to each other, but Mr. Taney, although originally a straight-out Federalist and opposed to the war of 1812, had, after its declaration, warmly supported it, and was known to strongly sympathize with the doctrine and policy of the Hero of New Orleans. The appointment was therefore tendered to him and accepted. So earnestly indeed did he lean towards the policy of Jackson's inaugural address that the warmest friends of Mr. Taney do not pretend to deny that his selection for the cabinet was due to the fact that he was in sentiment a man after Jackson's own heart, and in the trial of his service he indeed proved himself such. The great struggle between the President and the United States Bank was close at hand. That struggle it was well known would be waged to the bitterest end on both sides. The act of Congress rechartering the bank

was passed, and Jackson of course vetoed it. The veto message was the work of Mr. Taney, who in opposition to the institution was personally as determined as the President himself. Despite of the hostility brought to bear on General Jackson in consequence of this measure he was triumphantly re-elected, and with his re-election came the nullification excitement. The address of the President to the people of South Carolina was written, however, without Mr. Taney's aid or knowledge, and when he had read it in print he even repudiated some of its principles. We may mention here, however, in passing, that the Farewell Address of the President on his retirement from office was the production of Mr. Taney's pen.

The limitation of the existence of the United States Bank was now approaching, and General Jackson, in pursuance of his plans for the extreme measure of removing the government deposits therefrom, counted principally upon Mr. Taney's assistance. Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, who had at first promised his support, at the last moment withdrew it, and was dismissed by the President, who appointed Mr. Taney in his stead. The Senate was not in session at the time, and Jackson perfectly understood that it would refuse to confirm the appointment if it were sitting, so in order to give Mr. Taney ample opportunity to carry out this vital measure, he did not, on the reassembling of both houses of Congress, send in the name of the acting head of the treasury for confirmation of the appointment made during the recess, but held it over until the close of the session, when it was of course indignantly rejected, but Jackson cared naught for that, since the work for which Mr. Taney had been named had been accomplished by him as Sec-

retary *ad interim*. Of the legality of this cardinal measure Mr. Taney seems to have had no scruples, either as a measure or as to his own power, or that of the President, to carry it out. Indeed he went so far as to favor the retirement of General Cass and Mr. McLean from the cabinet, saying it were better to encounter their hostility outside than in the council chamber.

After the removal of the deposits the Senate, in May, 1834, called upon Mr. Taney as Secretary of the Treasury for a report on the finances, believing from the memorials of distress that were sent up to Congress that the government would soon be without adequate revenue. It was also hoped that the report of the Secretary would show the revenue to be in such ruin that, in order to relieve himself from the indignation of the people, the President would be compelled to restore the deposits to the bank, and as a consequence the charter would be renewed.

By the middle of June the report was sent in and was a disappointment, as it showed instead of a financial decline an increase in every branch of the revenue, and proved that Mr. Taney had not made an overestimate of the plethoric condition of the treasury, and it at the same time vindicated his own administration of the financial department of the government. Upon his forced retirement from its control, he was greeted by the friends of the administration all over the country with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of their approbation, in the shape of public dinners and letters of congratulation. He was escorted into Baltimore by a public procession, his carriage being drawn by four gray horses. In one of the above-mentioned public dinners given at Elkton he replied with great force to an attack made upon him by Daniel

Webster. The reply was severe but dignified, and we note it as one of the few instances in which he resisted such attacks on his policy.

As the crowning reward for his services, he was nominated as associate judge of the Supreme Bench, and although his nomination was warmly supported by Chief Justice Marshall, he was, nevertheless, for obvious reasons, rejected by the Senate. Chief Justice Marshall, however, dying in the summer of 1835, Mr. Taney was named as his successor, and in the following December, the political complexion of the Senate being changed, he was confirmed, though not without a bitter opposition led on by those illustrious leaders, Clay and Webster. His reputation as a lawyer being, as far as the general public was concerned, merely local, it is probably no disparagement for us to add that he was not generally supposed to be fully competent as regards legal and judicial attainments for so exalted a position—an impression, however, which his distinguished career upon the bench has long since removed, for Mr. Taney, as a jurist, is admitted by even his most inveterate opponents to have made for himself an enviable reputation.

His judicial administration is said to have been a reaction against the later tendencies of his predecessor, Chief Justice Marshall, by which tendencies we suppose is meant a leaning towards the Federalist view of centralization of power in the government, as evinced in his decisions and opinions, though even Mr. Taney showed at times a leaning in the same direction. His influence on the workings of the Federal government is clearly shown by an analysis of his leading opinions on the many important questions which came before him, and in the high esteem held for his opinions by the great lights of the judiciary.

The great turning-point, however, in his career was the celebrated Dred Scott decision, which, with Mrs. Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had the most potent effect—the one in the political, the other in the social mind—in aiding the cause of the abolitionists. The time at which it was rendered, just after the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, was a period when party spirit on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line was ready at the slightest fanning to blaze up in a most heated contest. Firmly and fearlessly Mr. Taney gave the opinion of the court, which opinion, no matter how we may regard it in a prejudiced political point of view, has never been denied the support of able legal reasoning in its preparation, as well as the most honest sincerity in its author's deductions. The great question involved in the case was, *Whether it be competent for the Congress of the United States, directly or indirectly, to exclude slavery from the territories of the Union?*

The Supreme Court decided that it is not. This was the opinion of six judges out of the eight who composed the court; Justices McLean and Curtis dissented. The Chief Justice delivered the opinion of the court, though the other five judges concurring each gave separate opinions.

That decision has long since been wiped from the national statutes in the best blood of both North and South. Mr. Clay had averted the test of its principles by gage of battle years before in his Missouri Compromise Bill; yet long before Mr. Senator Douglas had nullified that instrument, the intuitive sense of the nation throughout all sections had felt that slavery was doomed. To say that Mr. Taney endeavored, through sectional prejudice, by his decision to avert that doom, is best disproven by the fact that a radical peaceful

change in the constitutional law of the land, or the throes of the fiercest of civil strifes could alone upset it; and from this fact, too, we can afford to find the highest compliment to his honesty, his firmness, and his ability in daring to expound the law as he sincerely believed it to be the law. Happily, however, the fearful contests of politics and arms evolved by the slavery question are ended, and in the language of fair Alice Lee, of Woodstock, to her father, the irascibly loyal old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, when he reproved her with her supposed sympathy for her Roundhead lover and kinsfolks, we must say: "Accursed be those civil commotions! Not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls; and the brave, the noble, the generous, become suspicious, harsh, and mean."

We pass over as briefly as possible the remaining years of Mr. Taney's career, intermingled as they necessarily were with the terrible era of the Great Rebellion. It was but a short time after the Dred Scott decision that the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin had treated with a contempt, amounting to nullification, the process of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the State legislature supported the State court after the judgment of Mr. Taney had been pronounced in March, 1859, in an opinion which defines so clearly the line of jurisdiction between Federal and State sovereignty, that it has been termed "the bulwark of the United States Constitution." This, however, did not have any effect on the peaceable settlement of the mooted question of State sovereignty as regards the Southern States in their relation to the Union; but during the long and bloody contest ensuing, Mr. Taney, who had in all his judicial career steadfastly held aloof from politics, managed with rare tact to keep his ermine undraggled in the slough of

discord. Occasions, of course, were not few when, as the highest judicial officer of the government, he was obliged to express opinions upon the startling legal questions which the exigencies of the times raised before him. His decisions were, as is well known, not usually in accord with the opinions prevailing among the co-ordinate branches of the government; but they were in accord with what he believed sound jurisprudence and the fundamental law of the land. We will enumerate but two of these cases, the first being the question of levying a tax upon the salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court, which he resisted, with the concisest and ablest arguments, and the second, the opinion given on the right of suspending the writ of habeas corpus in the case of Merryman, imprisoned by military authority in Fort McHenry. To the Chief Justice's honor it must be said, that in all the trying struggles of those bitter years, he bore himself so blamelessly, that his strongest political enemies have never impugned the sincerity of his judgment, even where they knew his prejudices had the strongest field for exerting their influence.

It has been well said to be a delicate task to portray the beauty of the private life of Mr. Taney. His legal and judicial worth has been embellished with the unqualified praise of the master spirits of his profession, but who shall lift the veil of social privacy to show the beauty of his domestic life. His personal virtues could not be concealed. So nice was his sense of honor that he refused, while Secretary of the Treasury, to receive a present of two small boxes of fine cigars sent to him anonymously by one of the revenue officials, and although he did not discover until after his retirement from that office the name of the donor, yet he persisted in paying for them, or else to

be permitted to return them, as the packages were still unbroken. The courtesy, the deference, the impartial bias of his cultivated mind, sensitive in the highest degree as such minds usually are to all the lights and shades of life, were all a part of the man, and sprang not from a mere cultivation of the purely moral phase of his humanity, but from the dictation of his faith perfectly obeyed. Judge Taney was a Roman Catholic, not one of our modern namby-pamby Catholics, who are ashamed to be known as possessing any decided religious principles, but one who bore in his heart brightly burning the "faith of our fathers," which shed its life-giving warmth and animation over all his actions, even the minutest. "His religion was always before him," says one of his biographers; and thus it should be with every honest son of the Church. We venture the assertion that it was the unostentatious display of his sincere piety which so moved all men to revere, love, and trust him with a peculiar affection and confidence. This it was that electrified his brilliant talents, this it was that made him the most dutiful of sons, the tenderest of husbands, the kindest and best of fathers, the gentlest and truest of friends. "The humblest received his kindness, while the greatest were charmed with his courtesy." He in early life manumitted all the slaves he had inherited, and the old ones he supported by monthly allowances till he died; and the servants of his family could hardly understand his kindness when they contrasted it with the treatment of other people's servants. In 1860, Mr. Conway Robinson asked the Chief Justice for his photograph in his judicial robe, to be presented to two of the judges of the Queen's Bench in England. Mr. Taney accordingly had some large-size likenesses taken for the judges, and at the

same time had two from the same negative put into gilt frames for his old negro servant-woman, and his negro man-servant. At the bottom of one picture was written "To Martha Hill, as a mark of my esteem. R. B. Taney, February 14th, 1860, Washington;" on the other, "To Madison Franklin, as a mark of my esteem. R. B. Taney, February 14th, 1860." We have the testimony of that venerable Jesuit, Father John McElroy, that he has seen the Chief Justice standing often at the outer door leading to the confessional in a crowd of penitents, the majority of them *colored*, waiting his turn for admission, and when the father himself proposed to hear him in advance, he refused to accept any deviation from the order of entering.

One morning, while the judges of the Supreme Court were all boarding in the same house at Washington, Mr. Justice Daniel of that bench happened just before the hour for going to court to open the door of the room of the Chief Justice, and found him on his knees at prayer. He withdrew instantly, much mortified that he had forgotten to rap before entering. He therefore made an apology as soon as possible, which the Chief Justice accepted, with the remark that it was his custom before he began the duties of the day to seek divine guidance through prayer. This incident reminds us forcibly of a quaint old picture in a quaint old volume of Coke upon Littleton in our possession, in which that sublime jurist and saintly scholar of the olden time is represented in the curious-shaped judicial robes of his day, kneeling, with eyes and hands suspended in prayer above his books of study, while on a ribbon issuing from his mouth is the legend, written in ancient French, *Ung Dieu et ung roy*. This picture and the incident of the Chief Justice just narrated, are beautiful ex-

emplars of that unity of spirit between prayer and learning, love of God and of country, which marked the characters of old-time Christians, so beautifully, but alas so rarely perpetuated in the simple and beautiful character of the true Christian of our own day. It is this charming trait in Judge Taney's character which prompts us to exhibit him to the vain and foolish generation of our own day. The chief justiceship, long vacant by the death of the robust statesman and learned lawyer who was his successor, has caused the attention of the people to be directed towards the shadowy forms who were once its incumbents. The world, while speculating on the probable occupant who is next to fill it, regards his predecessors simply for the purpose of expatiating on the memories of their defects as well as their social or professional merits, but we Catholics of America single out from the list Mr. Taney, because he is the exalted exemplar not merely of a worldly wisdom, but of what many more if not all of our Catholic American men might be in the eyes of the world, if like him they would let the light of their faith, guiding their every step in life, so shine before their brethren of a worldly generation, that they, seeing their good works, would glorify our common Father in heaven.

On the 12th of October, 1864, crowned with the honors of eighty-seven years, Roger B. Taney departed to the grave, his last yearning hope resting on the mercy of his crucified Redeemer, his last lingering glance fixed on the star of Emancipation just rising from the chaos of national discord to shine for evermore above his native State. He knew not whether its coming were for weal or woe. The things of time were for him no more; but the Star of Christian Faith that had been a guide to his feet through the dubious paths of life, shone

now with no clouded splendor, but dimmed with its effulgent beams, as it rested above the heavenly portal, all the paler orbs of earthly glory gleaming in the firmament of time ;

so, too, will it shine for all who, like to him, read "life's lessons all aright" by the light of its quenchless radiance.

THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

ON an autumnal evening, in a narrow, obscure, but picturesque street of the old town of Antwerp, more than three hundred years ago, a blacksmith's forge was throwing out bright, sudden flashes of light, which cast at intervals a ruddy glow on the faces of the workmen, whose strong Flemish arms were making the anvil ring with their sturdy blows. The scene was an animated one; the noise and the warmth within the precincts of the forge presenting a marked contrast to the gloom of the ill-lighted and unfrequented street, where a drizzling rain was beginning to fall.

Attracted by the influence of the light within, some idlers had assembled at the entrance of this swarthy region, under the shelter of its projecting roof, and, as far as the noise would permit, carried on a desultory conversation with the men who were at work.

Amongst this group was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, accompanied by her maid, her fair face and sunny hair just visible under the black hood and mantilla, worn in the Spanish fashion, prevalent at that period in the Low Countries. She stood at the door, hesitating to advance and reluctant to withdraw. As the sparks flew from the anvil, like rockets on a birthday night, and a bright flickering light illuminated for an instant the whole interior of the forge, she cast a hasty glance

into its inmost recesses. Having done so once or twice, she at last put down her veil, and, making a sign to her companion, was moving away. At that instant an old man, one of the most inveterate gossip-mongers of the town, happened to be entering. Her first impulse was to wrap her mantilla more closely around her, and to avoid his notice ; but on second thoughts she turned back, and asked him :

"Has Quintin Matsys been here to-day?"

"Quintin Matsys, maiden? Yes, indeed, he was here this morning. I happened to be passing this way as the town-clock was striking eleven, and, observing that a crowd had gathered round the door of the forge, I stopped to inquire what was the matter; and I heard that Quintin Matsys had been taken ill, and fainted, after spending some hours at work at the anvil."

"Again!" ejaculated the maiden, wringing her hands. "It is but two days ago that he was carried home in a dead swoon."

"Of course he was; and how should it be otherwise? The strippling is too weak for this sort of work. He will kill himself; there can be no doubt of it. Dr. Armen has said so ever since last Michaelmas, when he sickened with the ague. But the lad is obstinate. It is always the same story. He must needs support his mother. Much good it will do her to have him

lying in the churchyard. He is making his way there as fast as he can, for he is like the steward in the Gospel: he cannot work, and to beg he is ashamed. But whither are you hurrying, Mistress Geneviève Claes? Let me hold an umbrella over your head, and escort you home. Is it true that your father has invited to Antwerp Master von Daxis, of Haarlem, and that he is to exhibit in the town-hall his great picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus?' O, you are not going straight home! You have a call to make on your way? It is a wet evening for young damsels to be visiting about the town. Perhaps I may look in on your father in an hour or two, when the rain has abated."

Geneviève had glided out of sight whilst her companion was still speaking. With hurried steps she hastened down a narrow little street at the back of the forge. Gretchen, her maid, had great trouble to keep up with her. The rain was beating against their faces; but there were tears as well as drops of rain on the young girl's cheeks. The words of the old man had deeply affected her. The mother of the blacksmith had been her nurse, and the little low house behind the forge the home of her childhood. Her father, Hans Claes, a painter of some reputation, who had risen by means of his talents from an obscure station in life, was noted in his native town of Antwerp as well for his eccentricities as for his passionate devotion to his art. He had lost his wife soon after the birth of his little girl, and had consigned the latter to the care of Madame Matsys, the blacksmith's wife, whilst, through great hardships and poverty, he had pursued his studies at Rome and at Bologna.

Quintin Matsys was the foster-brother of Geneviève Claes. They had been playmates in infancy and companions in childhood. The

forge had been a kind of fairy world to the two children, and Geneviève, who since her father's return from Italy had dwelt under his roof, often timidly made her way to the favorite haunt of her earlier days, and still thought the sparks very beautiful as they flew upward in fiery spangles, and the sound of the hammer as it fell on the anvil pleasant music to the ears, and the face of Quintin Matsys, her old play-fellow, with his fair hair and ruddy complexion besooted and begrimed by the labors of the forge, the handsomest she had ever set eyes on.

She never shook off those old impressions. They had become part and parcel of her nature. She had for some time suspected that those she so dearly loved were in poverty. Old Matsys, Quintin's father, had been dead about a year, and since then his son had had to work far harder than he had ever done before. Indeed, he worked hard for the first time in his life; for he had always been of a delicate constitution, and his strong and loving father was wont to take the hammer out of his hands on hot summer days, and to send him to walk in the green fields on the margin of the Scheld, where he often met Geneviève and her maid Gretchen, and watched by her side the bright red sunset-clouds fading away into the gray hues of twilight, and the barges gliding lazily along the sluggish stream, even as they had been used, when children, to watch the sparks dying in the embers, or the panting of the ever-sounding, ever-restless bellows.

He had never known what it is to toil with aching limbs, to labor with sinking strength, until that tender, fatherly heart had ceased to beat in the strong frame, and the hands which had so long worked for others were mouldering in the grave. But if Quintin was weak in body, he was not faint-hearted. Patiently and manfully he strove

to make up, by energy of will for the physical strength which he lacked. Day after day he worked at the anvil in that forge where he had been so happy as a child, till the light seemed to grow lurid in his eyes, and the sound of the hammer's strokes reverberated through his brain with a maddening force.

At last his shrunk, wasted arm sought in vain to wield the heavy sledge; the hectic spot on his cheeks assumed a deeper hue, and he fainted away at his work, as the old man had told Geneviève. Now, with his eyes mournfully closed, he was lying on a low trestle-bed in his mother's little chamber, and a feeling of despair was creeping into his heart, as when the first chill of an ague-fit invades a sick man's frame. Poverty was staring him in the face; no, not poverty,—that he had always known and never dreaded,—but want and starvation in their sternest form.

Geneviève had suspected that it was even so, and pondered deeply on the means of relieving, without wounding, those she was so devotedly attached to. Her father was a parsimonious man, and though he furnished her with whatever was necessary for her support and proper appearance amongst those in her own rank of life, she had seldom any money at her own disposal. If she wanted to buy a new kirtle, or to give an alms, she had to make her request at a well-chosen moment; when, for instance, Hans Claes had just put the finishing touch to a picture purchased by the town-councillors, or received an order for an altar-piece in his favorite style.

She had now hoarded a small sum out of her own expenditure, and had been watching for an opportunity of giving it to Quintin for his mother's use. She thought it would be easier to make him accept it in this way, and had gone to the forge in the hope of seeing

him privately, and making her little offering in such a manner as would insure his not refusing it. But having been disappointed in her expectation, she resolved, at all events, to satisfy herself, by a visit at their house, that he and his mother were not actually in want, and, if possible, to press upon one of them, for the sake of the other, the small purse which she held tightly grasped in her hand.

When she had knocked at the door, and Madame Matsys had opened it, and exclaimed, "Here is Geneviève Claes!" her son started up, and held out his hand to her with an attempt at a smile.

"You are ill," she said, placing her cold hand, wet with the rain, in his burning one. "What ails you, Quintin?"

"I believe the work is too hard for me just at present," he answered; "but in a short time I daresay I shall be stronger."

"The truth is—" began Madame Matsys.

"Don't talk nonsense, mother," interrupted her son.

"How do you know what I was going to say? The truth is, that—"

"No, it is not the truth."

"The fact is, Geneviève—"

"No, it is not the fact."

"Geneviève knows as well as I do—"

"She knows nothing at all about it."

"He is breaking his heart, Geneviève, because he has not strength to go on working at the forge, and that he foresees I shall have to go to the almshouse."

"No such thing, mother; you don't know what you are talking about. Just open the window, will you, and let in the fresh air;—there, now I breathe better. I thought you never meant to come and see us again, Geneviève. My mother has been fretting sadly at your staying away."

"But, Quintin, you said—"

"Aye, I know what you are going to say. The day you told me of your father's writing in his Missal that he would never give you in marriage to any one but a painter, I was so vexed, so angry, that I was fool enough to exclaim that if that was true we had better not meet again, as I could not bear to see you, and think that I was never to be your husband. Well, I have found out since that there is something still more difficult to bear—never to see you at all; not for days together to hear the sound of your voice. I am afraid it makes me hate your father when I think of this cruel fancy of his."

"O, that is dreadful, Quintin. I shall not love you any more if you hate my father."

"But it is very wrong of him to have written such words as those in a book, and a holy book too."

"Yes; in the beautiful Missal painted by the monks of Bruges, which he values as the apple of his eye; and this makes me so afraid that he will never change his mind."

"That book ought to be burnt, pictures and all."

"I should like very much to throw it into the fire, only it would be a sin; and then, you know, it would not prevent his keeping to his resolution."

"People have no business to make such resolutions."

"Well, I don't think they should. It is very hard upon a girl who does not care at all for pictures to be obliged to marry a painter; but, Quintin, you must not hate my father for all that. Promise me not to hate him."

"Geneviève, as long as I thought I might have married you, if it had not been for his mania about paintings and painters, I could hardly keep down the bitter, angry thoughts that were ever rising in my mind. But perhaps, just because of those thoughts, Almighty God has humbled me by taking

away my strength and making us poor. I used to talk of supporting a wife by my labor, and now I am become a burden on my mother in her old age. O, it is a great and bitter trial!"

He covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Quintin, suppose it were God's will that we should never marry?" said Geneviève earnestly, as if her very soul was looking out of her clear, calm blue eyes.

"Well, and if it were so, how would it mend the matter?" he answered, sorrowfully and half-reproachfully.

"Why, you know, we could not be angry with him."

The young man reverently looked up to heaven, and in a low voice said, "No."

"God is so good, and he loves us so much," continued Geneviève, leaning her head against the back of the chair on which he was sitting.

"I know it," Quintin answered in a subdued manner; "I know he is good. Did he not make you, Geneviève? He must be very good himself to have made any one so good as you. I have always felt that." After a pause he added, "Now, Geneviève, I will tell you a thought that has come into my head, even whilst we have been talking; I think it must have been my good angel inspired it. Tomorrow, you know, is the festival of Our Lady of Antwerp. Numbers of sick people come and pray at her altar, and many of them are often cured. I will go with the rest and get the Archbishop's blessing, and the picture which he gives to all the members of the Confraternity. You have always been a great hand at praying, Geneviève; I am sure your prayers will be heard; and then, as the priest told us last Sunday, when he was preaching about the Confraternity, when two or three are agreed to ask something

of God, he gives it to them. And you and my mother and I, we make three, besides all the other people who will be praying too."

"But, dear Quintin, if God should think it better for you not to get strong again at present, you will be patient, won't you?"

A cloud passed over the young man's face.

"It is not for my own sake," he somewhat bitterly said, "that I want my strength. It is easy to speak of patience."

"O, Quintin!" exclaimed Geneviève, her eyes filling with tears, "do you think I do not feel for you?"

"I know you do, dearest; forgive my hasty words. But if you will think of all that is involved in the word health,"—he glanced at his mother, who was crossing the room with feeble footsteps,—“you would indeed pity and excuse me. But don't weep so bitterly, dear love; I think Our Lady will do something for me to-morrow."

Geneviève wiped her eyes, kissed Madame Matsys, forced into her hand the little green purse which she had held concealed in her own during her whole visit, silenced her with another kiss on the lips when she tried to remonstrate, and glided out of the house, followed by the son's loving glance and the mother's murmured blessing.

On the following day the sun shone forth brightly, gilding with its autumnal rays the quaint picturesque buildings of the old Flemish city. Its inhabitants were stirring at an early hour, and crowds from the neighboring villages kept flocking in at the gates, dressed in their best Sunday clothes. Many a peal from church and convent tower gladdened the air with silvery tones whilst the procession formed in the principal streets. From every window and over every doorway hung rich carpets of rare tapestry, and damask silks of gorgeous

colors, decking and adorning the grim, sober old town in a bright and fanciful attire.

The Church of Our Lady of Antwerp was soon filled to overflowing. There were reserved seats in front of the altar for the members of the Confraternity, and for the infirm and sick persons who were joining in the devotions with the hope of obtaining relief. Quintin was amongst them, and looked flushed and excited. His mother and Geneviève, who occupied seats in another part of the church, kept watching him with anxiety. Geneviève could scarcely endure the sight of his eager countenance, fixed with feverish intensity on the preacher about to begin his sermon.

When mention was made in the discourse of the answers to prayer which had often been vouchsafed on such occasions, his eyes flashed with joy, and his whole face brightened up; but when the priest spoke of resignation, of denials sometimes sent in mercy, and patience under disappointment, his lips quivered, and his countenance became dejected. At last Geneviève could no longer bear to watch the wild, varying expression of the face she loved. Bowing down her head, she poured forth silent supplications—pure, ardent, and unselfish as those of a guardian-angel for his human charge. She had no hopes of happiness for herself:

"Hers was no fond imaginative dream,
Gilding the future with illusive beam."

Sorrow seemed before her which ever way she looked; and her father's decree, to which it never occurred to her that it would be possible to offer any opposition, so strict at that period was considered the duty of filial obedience, robbed the future of all glad anticipations. One sentence of the sermon she carried away with her, and laid it up in her heart: "Every prayer is heard," the preacher had said, "even though it may remain ap-

parently unanswered." Once more she bowed her head in intense supplication. When she raised it again, the Archbishop was distributing little pictures to those who knelt in rows before the altar. An instant afterwards Quintin rose and left the church. She followed him with her eyes, but soon lost sight of him in the crowd.

The evening came, and the sun, which had shone brilliantly all day, was now sinking peacefully to rest in a bank of purple clouds. The flat level plain which surrounds Antwerp was studded with groups of country people, slowly wending their way home through the green misty meadows or alongside the banks of the "lazy Scheld;" little children running to and fro gathering daisies, and singing songs about cows and buttercups. The streets had become solitary; the churches were shut up; the sound of footsteps on the uneven pavement less and less frequent. Peace and stillness reigned over the old city, so full of animation a few hours before.

Geneviève Claes sat at her window looking at Gretchen walking down the street. She had sent her on an errand which she would fain have performed herself. Since her return from church she had been watching for an opportunity to go and inquire after Quintin's health; but her father had kept her closely occupied in his studio preparing colors and cleaning his brushes, which was one of her habitual tasks; and now he had ordered her not to go abroad that day, for he expected his friend, Master von Daxis, from Haarlem, and Geneviève must be at home to receive him and attend to all the duties of hospitality. Her heart sank within her, for she foresaw what this meant; but it was better not to let Quintin expect to see her that evening and disappoint him at last; so she dispatched Gretchen to say she was detained

at home, to ask how he did, and give her love to Madame Matsys.

The lamp was not yet lighted in the blacksmith's house. His mother sat at the window as Geneviève had done; but not to look out into the street, only to catch the last rays of light wherewith to finish mending her son's stockings. Now and then she turned towards him, and noticed that his much-loved face was looking still paler and more wan than usual, except when the hectic flush of fever brought a fitful color into his thin cheeks. Dark shadows were passing that evening over his countenance, even as the clouds were swiftly careering across the sky, which had suddenly become stormy.

"Mother," exclaimed Quintin, raising himself from his couch after a long silence, and leaning on his elbow,—“mother, just look out and see if it is raining.”

At that moment Gretchen knocked at the door. He sprung to his feet, but fell back disappointed when he saw that it was only Gretchen.

"My mistress," said the handmaid, "sends her love to you, Madame Matsys, and these preserves, which she bade me say are of her own making, and begs to know if your son is less ailing than when she called on you last night. She cannot leave home this evening, as my master is expecting company."

"Company!" ejaculated Quintin faintly.

"Yes; company from Haarlem. The worthy Master von Daxis, head of the school of painting in that city. He is bringing to Antwerp his famous picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus,' which is to be exhibited in the town-hall, and to carry off the prize, too, it is supposed. What answer shall I take back to my mistress? I am afraid you are no better, sir," she added, as the young man leant back on his

couch with a face as pale as ashes and a quivering lip.

"Tell Geneviève to pray for us," said Madame Matsys, in a sorrowful voice.

"What is the use of praying?" exclaimed her son with bitterness; and when the door had closed upon Gretchen he broke forth, in passionate lamentations, "I have prayed for days; prayed through long, sleepless nights; prayed to be saved from starvation, beggary, disgrace; prayed that this poor weak arm might be strengthened to work. Look at it, mother, how wasted it is—weaker than ever to-night. I have never felt so ill as to-day. That is all the answer that my prayers and yours and hers have received. And yet I had so hoped, so trusted, that for Geneviève's sake they would have been heard! If ever there was a good little soul on earth—"

"Of course she is," chimed in his mother. "The best creature that ever breathed, and the prettiest into the bargain. It is a shame and a sin that her father should compel her to marry that old hideous Von Daxis just because the man can hold a painting-brush between his fingers."

"O, mother, do not talk of that; you torture me—you drive me wild! My head is burning, and I lie here and think and think till my brain seems on fire."

"Nay, but that will never do, my boy," said a rough, good-humored voice at his elbow.

"Dr. Armen! is that you? O, sir, *you* can do nothing for me; and the Blessed Virgin will not help me."

"And cannot you do something to help yourself, my boy? Why are you lying there, idling away your time?"

"Doctor, this is cruel. God and my mother know that I would give away half my life for the strength to do a day's work."

"Nobody wants half your life, or any part of it either. But there must be an end of this doing-nothing system; it is enough to give you a brain fever."

"But when a man cannot so much as lift a hammer?"

"And who wants you to lift a hammer, you booby? Has the Almighty made nothing in this world but blacksmiths and hammers? Sit up. What, too weak to stand! Not such a very weak pulse, though—nothing but exhaustion from fretting, I suspect. Come, mother, prop him up with pillows, and bring that candle here. Now, what will you do? Anything but lie there, thinking?"

"He has not closed his eyes for several nights," said Madame Matsys.

"I should not wonder at all. More shame for him. What have we got here—a picture?"

"Ah! when that picture was put into my hand this morning, I did hope—"

"Never mind what you hoped this morning. Here is a sheet of paper and a pencil; copy for me, directly, those figures and that queer little bit of landscape in the background."

"I have never in my life held a pencil, sir."

"What does that signify? Do as I bid you. Try."

A faint smile passed over the young man's face.

"It is a new sort of physic you are prescribing for me, sir."

"Ah, there are more medicines in this world, my boy, than are found in chemists' shops, or than wiser heads than yours have ever heard of. I shall call again in two or three hours, and if you have not followed my prescription, I shall never come near you again."

So saying, the little doctor departed, and Quintin set about examining the picture he was desired to copy. It was a stiff and some-

what angular reproduction of the work of some great master, and represented the figure of our Lord as he stood at the door of St. Peter's house, healing all manner of diseased persons. Quintin gazed upon it long and steadily, and then began his task. His fingers felt very stiff and awkward at first, but gradually he grasped the pencil in a firmer manner, and as he proceeded his whole soul was absorbed in his employment. The burning flush on his cheeks subsided; a calmer expression stole over his face. When he had completed the principal figure, and saw that it was not unlike the original,—that there was even something more noble and more easy in the attitude of the one he had drawn than in that of the woodcut engraving,—a look of pleasure beamed in his eyes. He copied it over and over again; and when he sketched the face of a young girl just restored to health, and gazing on our Lord with enraptured gratitude, he made the features like to those of Geneviève, and gave them her expression. Then a strange kind of joy rose in his heart and quieted his brain. But he was very weak, and as the fever on his spirits subsided he grew sleepy; his head fell back on the pillow; and when the Doctor returned he was lying fast asleep, with his pencil in his hand and the drawing before him.

As Dr. Armen gave a glance at the paper, a broad smile spread over his good-natured face.

"Hum!" he said to himself, "I think I see my way to a still more efficacious medicine for this complicated case than even my prescription of to-night has furnished. Twenty grains of bodily repose, and as many of intellectual employment, mixed up with as many ounces of happiness; if that recipe does not succeed, let me never be called again a good physician. Let him sleep on as many hours as

possible, good mother," he said, taking leave of Madame Matsys; "and when he wakes tell him the Doctor has stolen away his drawing."

Geneviève was presiding the next morning at the substantial Flemish breakfast, to which her father and Master von Daxis were doing ample justice. Though she answered very prettily when spoken to, she did not appear much inclined to converse. Once only she answered a question with considerable energy. Their guest inquired if she cared for paintings.

"No, sir," Geneviève replied; "I don't like them at all."

"I hope, fair maiden," he rejoined, "that this dislike does not extend to painters?"

"My father is a painter, sir," she replied, with a deep blush.

"But for that circumstance you would, perhaps, have answered in the affirmative," exclaimed Von Daxis, laughing. "It is strange how seldom talents and tastes are hereditary."

"That is quite true, sir," she eagerly observed. "I never could draw at all."

"What a blessing for your husband, Mistress Geneviève! His clothes will then have a chance of being properly mended, and his dinner properly cooked."

Geneviève bit her lip, and, for the first time, wished herself endowed with the genius of an Elizabeth Sirani.

Dr. Armen was at this moment announced. He was a favorite both with Hans Claes and with his daughter. After he had seated himself at the breakfast-table, he drew from his pocket a thick roll of paper.

"Look at this, sirs," he said, addressing the two painters; "you both well know what talent is; there are no two better judges of design than Master Claes and Master von Daxis. The sketches which you

see before you are the performance of a man who never, till yesterday, had held a pencil in his hand, or drawn a line upon paper. What say you, good sirs, to the promise of genius such a first attempt holds forth? What think you of it, my masters?"

Hans Claes put on his spectacles, and his friend looked over his shoulder. On their grim faces stole a look of wonder, and then they turned to each other and smiled.

"Can you give me your word of honor, Dr. Armen," said Hans Claes, "that the person who made this copy had never before attempted to draw?"

"I can take my oath of it, Master Claes."

"But hold!" exclaimed the Haarlem painter; "'tis not altogether a copy, I suspect. Look at that face, Master Claes. Who is it like, should you say?"

"Why, it strikes me that it is a likeness, and a good one too, of my daughter; the expression of the eyes has been hit off to the life. Dr. Armen, listen to me!" cried Hans Claes, striking the table with his fist. "If you warrant me that the man who has made those sketches be an honest fellow, though he should be ever so poor,—yea, though he should be begging his bread,—I will take him into my school; I will teach him myself; I will provide for his wants; and if in time he arrives at being what he should be with such a master (though I say it that should not),—why, if he cares to have her, I will give him that girl there for a wife. I beg your pardon, Master von Daxis; there was nothing agreed upon, you know, between us; and this man, whose first attempt I hold in my hand, will prove, please God, an honor to the good town of Antwerp, and to his master, Hans Claes."

Geneviève turned her eyes reproachfully on Dr. Armen. He was

looking so provokingly pleased, as if he could hardly contain his joy. It was unkind of him, she thought, not to feel for a poor girl who was made the sport and the victim of her father's fanatical passion for his art.

"Is that really a promise, Master Claes?" the Doctor said: "for, mind you, this incipient limner, who is as worthy a fellow as ever breathed, is, as it happens, a friend of mine, and as sure as my name is Armen, I will keep you to your word."

"I give you my hand upon it, Doctor. Master von Daxis, you know I made you no promise."

"And if you had, good Master Claes, I would release you from it. Your daughter hates paintings and painters, and it is a shame to force her inclinations. If I were you—"

"If you were me, Master von Daxis, you would consult your child's best interests by bestowing her hand on one who will share with her an honored name. To be the wife of a great painter is more glorious by far than to wed a monarch. And now let me know the name of your friend, who will be to-morrow my pupil, and, if he wraps not his talent in a napkin, one day my son-in-law."

Dr. Armen smiled, and played with his teaspoon. Without raising his eyes, he said,

"Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith."

Hans Claes made an exclamation of surprise; Geneviève clasped her hands together, and looked at her father with an imploring countenance.

"The world will one day hear of the Blacksmith of Antwerp," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Fetch the boy here. His mother, too,—she nursed that child of mine for many a long year. We have neglected her too much. Aye, indeed, you may smile, Mistress Geneviève,—you may kiss your old father and

hang about his neck: but mind, girl, if Quintin Matsys is ever to be thy husband, he must be also an eminent painter. And hark ye, one thing more I have to say: there must be no love-making in the school—no cleaning of brushes or preparing of colors there, to distract the youth from his studies.”

Geneviève looked very humble and submissive; and when Quintin Matsys entered the house from which he had been so long excluded, still walking feebly, and leaning on the Doctor's arm, but with a look of returning health in his face, she tried very hard not to smile or to cry; but when she kissed his mother, try as hard as she would, she did both. Later in the day, too, when Master von Daxis maliciously reminded her that she hated paintings and painters, she laughed outright; but when Quintin Matsys whispered to her, “I will never say again, ‘What is the use of praying?’” then her tears fell fast.

The little Confraternity picture was framed and hung up in the room of the Blacksmith of Antwerp when he married; and every year, with his wife Geneviève, he went on the day of the Procession to return thanks at Our Lady's altar, where he once thought he had prayed in vain.

“The painter Quintin Matsys was born in the year 1450, in the town of Antwerp. He has been known by the name of ‘The Blacksmith of Antwerp,’ on account of his having exercised that arduous profession until he was twenty years of age. A long and dangerous illness reduced his strength so much that he became unable to earn his own livelihood and to support his mother. He complained of this to those who came to visit him. It is related, that at an annual religious procession, which used to take place in his native town, for lepers and other sick persons, little woodcut engravings were distributed to the members of the Confraternity, and that to the circumstance of one of these happening to fall into his hands he owed the discovery of his talent for drawing. Somebody advised him to try and copy it, in order to while away the time. He did so, and succeeded so well that he pursued the study of design, and became in time an eminent painter. Some writers state that it was his attachment to a girl whose father was determined that she should only marry a painter which induced him to exchange the hammer for the pencil. The young person in question returned his affection, and in order to marry her he devoted himself to the art in which he became so great a proficient.” [These two accounts have been thrown together, and form the groundwork of this little story.] “One of Quintin Matsys's best pictures is the ‘Descent from the Cross,’ in the church of Our Lady at Antwerp. He painted it for the Joiners' Guild. It was chiefly in sacred subjects that he excelled.”—*From the “Lives of Flemish Painters,” by F. G. Descamp, Professor of Design at Rouen in 1753.*

SONNET.

ALL is the same as when I was a child;
 But who shall tell the difference to me!
 Dear to me then the bud, the bloom, the tree,
 And sweet—how sweet!—the woodland tangle wild,
 Where, lying hid, my airy towers I piled,
 And crowned me king with flowers and revelry,
 While Nature's darling self upon me smiled.
 But now—ah, woe! that such a thing should be—
 This lovely prospect—wood, hill, stream, and tower—
 With purest joy to fill my idle hour,
 And bid my heart like its free birdlets sing,
 Has lost, forever lost, its olden power.
 Then, questionless, I drank at Nature's spring;
 Now, mental yearning agony doth bring.

SPIRITISM.

THE assemblage of marvellous events to which the name of spiritism has been given by its abettors, more properly designated satanical spiritism, groups together not only the prodigies which astonished and deluded the ancient heathens, but it adds some seeming novelties peculiar to the latter generations of impiety and infidelity. It desires to bring those into connection with the divination, which was a singular part of the religious rites among the pagans, of which Cicero treated in two entire books, and the indefatigable Fabricius has collected a hundred species in his "Ancient Library." This iniquity was ordained to foretell future events, or to discover hidden things, sometimes by impure and cruel mediums; always, however, with very futile means, and accompanied with absurd and ridiculous rites. The notorious founder and teacher of spiritism displayed its ritual when, in serpent's guise, he *protested* against the authority and teaching of the divine word in the garden of Eden. Satan has not changed his Protestant system; he varies merely his strategy in the war against God and his anointed; so that the modern tricks of table-rapping, spirit writing, drawing, whistling, &c., are identical in principle with the unearthly manifestations and magic of the earliest ages. Since the fatal hour when Satan taught Eve to read and interpret the word of God according to her own private judgment, divination prevailed amongst all nations. It reigned especially in the time of Moses, as appears from his writings. So far from admitting among his ceremonies such a wicked and ridiculous rite, the inspired legislator forbade it with repeated

and salutary laws, and ordained that events and oracles should be sought from God alone, disposer of all things. This diabolism was in use not only among the Cimbrians, Gauls, Germans, and other barbarous nations, as Diodorus and Tacitus inform us, but even amongst the most cultivated nations. Hence Plato himself in his "Phedrus," and Xenophon in the "Cyropedia," speak approvingly of it; and it is notorious with what pomp and solemnity this impious and ludicrous art was revered in Rome, after it was imported from Etruria by a college of augurs. Some, through the grossest ignorance, were persuaded of its efficacy, whilst others, amongst whom was Cicero, laughed at it; and yet they availed themselves of it to turn at will, with this political imposture, the minds of the citizens and soldiers.

This recent outburst of curiosity concerning spiritual manifestations, this craving for them, and readiness to accept them, was to have been expected. At all times there are whole classes of men who succeed in completely excluding the supernatural from their minds, and to whose vision it is never reflected from the field of human action. In modern times, literature, generally, has been characterized by this utter dismissal of the supernatural. The world, according to modern thought, was only a machine wound up once for all by its Author, and requiring no further application of that power, which seemed to have spent itself, so to speak, in the act of creation; or, at any rate, its interference was limited to a remote period. This way of viewing things is, however, too much at variance with the instincts of mankind to be permanent. Its teaching is in

defiance of the most imperious assertions of the conscience, and the most earnest longings of the heart. The great bulk of the human race feel, what few can put into words, that an order of things so vast as we behold around us cannot have ascended to man to stop there, that there must be beings transcending him, and that a supernatural system exists to account for this stupendous material creation. If these anticipations and convictions have been checked, they are sure at some time to reassert their rights with a force not to be withstood. Nor is it to be wondered at, if the EVIL ONE seizes a moment so favorable for the triumph of superstition, and the thwarting of the purposes of heaven. We know what results came forth after the materialism originated by Epicurus had prevailed, and what wild forms of error swept across the pagan horizon; how the leaders of the *modern thought* of that epoch had no sooner relegated the supernatural into the *intermundia* invented by their master, than the people caught at the most hideous rites of iniquity, at the worship of Osiris and Isis, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Thesmophori, Cabiri, and others mentioned by Clement of Alexandria. And again, at a later period, they fondly embraced the widespread Gnostic and Manichean delusions with which the spirit of Antichrist sought to combat the Author of all good. We are living at this day in a similar state of things, for, whilst the parallel is complete between the materialism and superstition of the two epochs, it also holds between the rise of the Church, and the amazing energy with which of late years she has addressed herself all over the world, as if for the final struggle.

The modern manifestation of spiritual agency, or of a belief in it, in the heart of skepticism, had

already, as is well known, presented itself in the early days of the French Revolution, when the pretensions of Mesmer and Cagliostro startled all Europe, and afforded many baffling objects of inquiry for the French commission conducted by Bailly and our Franklin. Since then, the question of animal magnetism, occupying a kind of debatable ground between the natural and the spiritual, had dragged on a sort of intermittent activity, till again it became, about the year 1840, for a few years, a fashionable subject of inquiry, when, at length, the Father of Lies improved the occasion by introducing incidents of a description new to this generation, and suited to those who will not hear the Church, and, consequently, are ever ready to be captivated by satanical imposture. A detailed history of those events would be out of place, but we will notice so much of them as may be sufficient to form a judgment in harmony with reason, religion, and common sense. The information afforded by the most conspicuous exponents of the so-called new philosophy, in this country, united with the experience which we may quote from other sources, assure us that spiritism is a compound of delirium, imposture, and diabolism.

Judge Edmonds, of New York, has published an elaborate treatise on this subject. He informs us that, when his attention was first called to the subject of spiritual intercourse, he was laboring under great depression of spirits, so much, that he occupied all his leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. Now, we must say, a good adviser would have suggested the proper consideration about death, in which an instructed Christian discovers a motive for salutary resignation to the divine will, a rest from toil, and the resurrection and the life. Alas! he tells us that, in the course of

his life he had heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject of death and futurity, that he hardly knew what to believe. This was the necessary consequence of hearing the masters of itching ears, who "understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm." If Mr. Edmonds had turned from those miserable counterfeiters of religion, to an honest reading of the Bible, he would have learned that a ministry had been appointed by the Lord to obviate such evil influences, and to secure that "we be no more children tossed to and fro by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." Instead of applying such remedies as common sense, and the instructions of holy Church would prescribe for the relief of despondency, the dupe of Protestantism had recourse to the schools of knockings, rappings, &c., conducted by the tricksters of Satan. During four months this sapient judge devoted at least two evenings in the week to the teachings of tables, broomsticks, pots, pans, and kettles! No wonder that his brains should be so addled that, like the bogus Evangelical Alliance, he saw everything topsy-turvy—"the dog jumps over the moon, and the dish runs after the spoon." The distinguished gentleman tells us that he was awfully impressed when a chair moved up and down the room; above all, "when a table brush was taken from the shelf, and put into the hands of several persons, and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it." Strange, indeed, is the progress of *modern science*, and truly foggy the enlightenment of *modern thought*, when it becomes consoling to turn away from the apostolic "teaching of the things Christ commanded to be observed," and to yield to the inspiration of a dirty hair-brush. Dirty, indeed, the brush must have been, after

brushing the shaggy heads of the greasy loafers who attend such meetings! Mr. Edmonds pretends to have received the most "*novel*," "*astounding*," and "*extraordinary*" information, yet all that he can communicate is reduced to those specimens of teachings which he gives. For instance: "Once it was asked of the spirit who was communing, 'Your condition being one of happiness, to what do you owe it?' And it was answered, 'To my love and kindness.'" On one occasion, when speaking of the religion of Christ, it was said: "It is, that God is love." Most assuredly we must be indignant at the silly and blasphemous audacity attempting to gain credit for the hair-brush philosophy, by the announcement of a new revelation, in the repetition of a fundamental truth proclaimed by the first breath of the Church, saying, in the words of St. John, "God is love."

The impiety of spiritism extended to Europe, and very naturally flourished in England, that Pantheon of irreligion and immorality, whence we receive characteristic information. Prominent amongst the favorites is a Mr. Gillson, minister of the Elizabethan Institute, dubbed "the church by law established." Being persuaded, as he says, that he was surrounded by devils, and having first solemnly assured us that table-moving and table-talking are the results of satanical agency, the wise parson seizes a table, and extracts the following information: "Where are Satan's headquarters? Are they in England?" There was a slight movement. "Are they in France?" A violent movement. "Are they in Spain?" Similar agitation. "Are they in Rome?" The table literally seemed frantic! Of course Mr. Gillson became frantic with joy, the question about the Pope being settled to his satisfaction, on the infallible authority of the devil. From the same source,

and with equal veracity, it is learned that what is taught in Mr. Gillson's Sunday-school is true, and that spirits now tormented in hell would not be so punished had they attended his ministrations. So the well-informed parson might fairly erect a signboard with this inscription: "Truth taught, by Parson Gillson. Reference—the Devil, the Father of Lies."

The customary manner of evoking spirits appears to be as follows: Six or seven persons sit round a table with their hands placed on it. In about twenty minutes, if the attempt is becoming successful, the table begins to throb and vibrate. The movement is a peculiar species of thrill; presently it begins to creak, then to move in a circular direction, or tip on one side. One of the operators addresses the spirits, supposed to be now present, and arranges how many tips shall stand for, "yes," "no," and so forth; or requests that by means of tips made on a repetition of the letters of the alphabet, a communication may be given by the unseen power. Sometimes the hand of one of the assistants will be taken possession of by the spirits. It is first agitated violently, and if the person holds a pencil, the hand is moved backwards and forwards, round and round, or in long curves and waves, till at last it settles itself, and writes legible words and sentences. A reliable witness declares that he has seen the table when not touched by any person, move up and rub itself carressingly against people; jump and bound like a joyous animal, start forward and fall back with violence. We have been told about a medium who would lay one hand on a small table, and with the other play a waltz on the piano. The table jerked in perfect time to the music. Another case related is, that of a man who, at one end of a room, placed his fingers on a small table,

desiring audibly that it should move to the other end, making so many turns before terminating its journey, which command the table punctually obeyed. The late Senator Talmadge gave the following occurrence as evidence of the importance and value of that which he called a philosophy supplementary to the deficiencies of the Bible. "At a meeting," said Mr. Talmadge, "the spirit of Calhoun directed me to bring three bells and a guitar. The bells were of different sizes. He directed a drawer to be put under a square table. I put under the table a bureau drawer bottom side (*sic*) up, and the bells were placed on the drawer. Numerous raps were made as if beating time to a march. The bells continued to ring and to chime. The time of the march was slow and solemn. The most fastidious ear could not detect any discrepancy in it." This much and no more, was the value of an operation sufficient to satisfy the stupid infidels who blandly accept of satanical buffooneries in lieu of the glad tidings of salvation.

Although the devil is quite competent and willing to produce lying wonders by means of old hickory sticks, pine-tables, greasy brushes, dusty drawers, rusty saucepans, &c., the honor and emoluments of the new philosophy have been divided with him by tricksters who were able to perpetrate iniquity independently, through the action of natural forces. It has been satisfactorily proved by reliable scientists that table-moving may be referred to involuntary muscular action, and that a natural explanation can be given for many of the phenomena, often assigned to a preternatural agency. This, like many other discoveries amongst the mysteries of nature, might have remained in its proper character, an amusement for the curious, and a principle for the scientific; but it attracted the at-

tention of impostors, with the hope of making it a mask for delusion. Accordingly we notice feats of legerdemain competing with the prodigies of Beelzebub. A Mrs. Norman Culver, a connection of the notorious Fox family of Rochester, enlightens this department of the new philosophy: "For about two years (says Mrs. Culver), I was a very sincere believer in the rappings, but some things which I saw when I was visiting the girls at Rochester, made me suspect that they were deceiving. I made a proposition to Catherine to assist her; circumstances obliged her to accept this proposal, and she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced by the toes. After a week's practice I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet in hot water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found the heating of my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier." Some persons innocently thought that they could easily control the trickery of those kind of women, and accordingly the feet were held in such a way that there could not be any motion of the toes. At first it was not suspected, as was afterwards discovered, that the arrangement of female apparel affords peculiar facilities for invisible rapping, especially when a pair of castanets are skilfully placed under the clothing. A string of horsehair, not easily perceptible, being attached to a small instrument, composed of a tightly stretched parchment and a hammer of whalebone, will produce knocking and rapping in any part of the room, quite sufficient to astonish the noodles who will pay attention to such wonders. Considerable perplexity is caused by the fact that answers are given by mediums who know nothing of the

questioner, and have no natural means of knowing what answer is expected or desired. From a variety of experiments the imposture of several mediums has been exposed, and the phenomenon of answering naturally explained, in cases where Satan did not condescend to co-operate. "Catherine told me," says Mrs. Culver, "how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet; that it was necessary to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in such a way they could nearly always guess right." The person asking the question really gives the answer also, either by a look of anxious expectancy, or by the more material sign of a lingering of the finger or pointer, at the moment he is touching the letter which is to form the word that is in his mind. When inquirers have been on their guard they always had the answers they choose to have. It mattered not how false, how absurd, how fantastic the thought which crossed the mind, whatever was determined that the mediums should declare, they did declare. Thus, a gentleman who resolved to entrap the impostor, began by asking in his mind for the name of a real person, a relative of his family. He passed the pointer equally along the alphabet without once lingering until after he had passed the letter I, with which the name of his relative began. Finding that he could not have the real name, he thought he might make the raps answer where he pleased. He chose N; at that letter, because he gave the requisite indications, the raps came. He then determined that Nelly should be spelt as the name of his relative, and Nelly was spelt. Another gentleman asked for an interview with a person whose name he thought of. He mentally asked for one of the

Eumenides, goddesses of ancient Grecian poetry and heathenism, and ranked in the mythology of three thousand years ago as avengers of murder. He was instantly assured of the presence of the person he was thinking of. What was the result of the conversation with this accommodating spirit? She died six years ago, aged twenty-five, leaving seven children! He afterwards requested to have her called back, and asked to what sect she belonged when in life. The answer was, Jew!

Whether satanical magic or simple sleight of hand comes under observation, we can detect in spiritism the delusion and futility which invariably mark unnatural and impious operations. Throughout the nauseous rhapsodies published by those satellites of Lucifer, there is constant declaration that all is said and done through a most benevolent disposition towards mankind, and the inhabitants of spirit-land are most anxious to shed consolation, love, and light over the whole human family. But it is only in certain houses, with trumpery machinery, and the trickery of certain women and biped donkeys, hirsute and unclean, that this fictitious benevolence can be elicited; moreover, at a certain price of hard cash. A gentleman said to Mr. Edmonds that he would like to be present at some spiritual manifestations, and he was coolly informed that there are circles where money is charged. The gentleman innocently inquired, "Is money charged?" "Yes;" was the dry, Wall Street answer. At best, the only return for the money would be to have the illustrious dead caricatured; to recognize John Calhoun as piper and bellman, in spirit-land; Henry Clay perorating with a broomstick, and big General Scott doing the mountebank in a clothes-basket. If those propounders of the *new philosophy*

were not a set of cheating, disreputable loafers, they would act in keeping with their philanthropic jargon; instead of requiring people to go a hunting after spirits under tables and in empty drawers, at the risk of having shins broken by galloping chairs, and some most precious hairs torn out by crumb-brushes, this, too, at the expense of the pocket, they would provide material aid; spare the pockets; entertain with good dinner and supper all visitors, and we warrant there will be many to improve and chat with. It is quite proper to ask for this manifestation of the eatables, whereas in Edmonds's book the spirit of Swedenborg is reported to have said, "*We eat and drink of the fruits and vegetables of the countries where we reside.*" What a close-fisted, niggardly set they are, asking people to pay for peeping through mahogany tables, instead of inviting, for instance, the anti-evangelical alliance to put their legs under the table for good feeding, and thus keep that precious circle from meanly sponging on our simple folk. If only a small percentage of the benefits claimed for the *new philosophy* would be granted, an occasional dollar might be expended with great advantage. We are told that the *medium* absolutism is such that you have merely to will it, and the rapt soul of the patient is instantly removed from all the noisome influence of men and things. The diviner part of his nature becomes paramount, his moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and the great light of majestic intellect rules over all. Is he cold, you warm him; is he warm, you refresh him with cooling zephyrs. You gently breathe over all his pains, and immediately they disappear; you convert his tears into smiles, and his grief into joy; you transform water into any liquid he may desire. "I have done more," says a Mr. Alfred Filassier;

"I have presented an entranced person with an empty glass, from which she has drank and performed the ordinary movements of deglutition, and her thirst has been assuaged. With nothing, I have satisfied her hunger! and with nothing I have served splendid dinners!" Surely this transcends Mr. Mifflin's breakfast on a *mild segar and the morning air*, which feat adorns the story of "Little Dorrit." If the senses are no longer necessary for sight or hearing, even the appetite may be appeased with thin air, the poor, the maimed, the hungry, might rejoice. It is very clear that the inability of Satan to surpass the limits of profitless snares and delusions, certifies to the true character of spiritism in all its relations. However the manifestations claimed by the jugglers of the *new philosophy* may actually correspond with their pretensions, we do not hesitate in ascribing them to diabolical agency; since, if spirits are their agents, it is obvious that they are engaged in occupations different from those of pure intelligences standing in the presence of an infinitely wise, holy, and omnipotent Being. How different from the employments imputed to the spirits of just men made perfect! Whether the various phenomena related have had a reality or not, all spiritist experiments are equally criminal, since they attempt to tamper with things outside the divinely prescribed course of human duty as well as human experience. They are equally contradictory to our moral sense and dangerous to our understanding, and its discipline, for good or evil purposes, which men may themselves control, or else give up to the abuses of the most pernicious weaknesses and impiety. The only astonishment we ever had is that any persons reputed intelligent and honest, could yield to proceedings so useless and absurd,

utterly beneath reason and common sense, impious and ridiculous, debasing the intellect, demoralizing every honest sentiment, periling the soul, reducing all things human and divine to the paltry standard of pigmies and automata, instead of holding to one worthy of men, and which belongs to and is the privilege of earth, in its legitimate relations with heaven.

Whatever may be the case as regards the simple movement of tables, which, betimes, may be physical, if it only does not take place by command of the will, the other effects so surprising can only be attributed to an intelligent cause, but by no means to the powers of nature. For, do persons themselves propose the questions to a wooden or marble table, or expect answers from it? Not at all. There is no one so mad. A general persuasion has prevailed that the case concerns spirits, by whom the tables are moved, and who are therefore called *rapping spirits*. Now, these spirits cannot be called good spirits; it would assuredly be blasphemous to assert that angels, or the just made perfect, enjoying eternal felicity, interfere in the ludicrous amusements of men, comply with their vain wish, and gratify their silly curiosity. It would also be utterly impious to say that God; who *hates divination*, and has strictly forbidden it, allows the inhabitants of heaven to be subservient to it. The spirits working the *lying wonders* of these latter days must, therefore, be called the evil spirits, accursed forever, who are continually laying snares for men; and all persons who invoke them or hold any commerce with them render them real worship, and are guilty of the crime of divination, forbidden by the Lord as a horrible abomination, ruinous to the soul in time and eternity.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

CHAPTER IX.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY. THE COMMIT-
TAL OF FRAULEIN. A FRIEND IN
NEED.

It may be readily imagined that Maria passed a day miserable enough; a day, a night, too, we might add, for though the kind-hearted Mainwarings visited her, and attempted to cheer her up, still the very thought of the dark suspicion that rested upon her, made her miserable.

Squire Mainwaring had immediately yielded to his daughter's request, and advanced the money to be sent on to Coblenz, so firm was his conviction of the innocence of poor Fraulein; and unable to avoid meeting the Montagues, he had narrowly escaped a quarrel, so indignant did he feel at the evident disposition of Mrs. Montague to regard Maria as the culprit, so that on leaving them to pay a short visit to the former, he said,

"I have always understood it to be an axiom of English law, that a person is not to be considered guilty till a jury of his countrymen should have declared him to be so; but the case is reversed here, Mr. Montague, Mrs. Montague having already, in my hearing, pronounced this poor young lady, neither more nor less than a common thief."

The worthy gentleman had told Fraulein to come straight to his house, immediately on her character being cleared; how little did he think where and when he should next meet Maria Flohrberg!

The evening was already far advanced when the officers returned, and Mr. Montague found, from one glance at the countenances of the men, before either of them spoke,

that they had important intelligence to communicate.

"We have found the bracelet, sir," exclaimed the detective; "it has been pledged for the sum of twenty-five pounds, at Mr. Stevens', one of the pawnbrokers in Oxford Street."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Montague, and a cold chill crept through his frame, as he inquired in what name the trinket had been pledged.

"In that of Maria Flohrberg," replied the man, placing the duplicate in Mr. Montague's hand, as he spoke. "It was pledged at a few minutes before eight, last evening, by a foreigner; Mr. Stevens himself took it in; the person who presented it spoke French. He said her veil was down, but she was of fair complexion, with brown hair; and one of his young men could describe the dress she wore; the shawl and bonnet struck him as looking particular, they being both old-fashioned."

Alas! poor Fraulein, here was evidence against thee sufficient to shake even George Montague's faith in thy innocence. For a few moments he was perfectly silent, and the officer forbore to speak, for he saw that he was deeply moved, and even his cruel wife held her peace, for once forbearing to give open vent to the triumph she felt at her assertion of her belief in the delinquencies of poor Fraulein proving correct.

"You, of course, give this person in charge, sir?" said the officer, after he had for some time maintained a respectful silence.

"Where will she be conveyed to?" said George Montague, in a hoarse whisper.

"To the Marylebone police station," replied the officer; "she will have to pass the night there."

"She will pass the night in my house," said Mr. Montague, "and if you have any fear of her making her escape, I am perfectly willing that yourself and your man should remain here. My belief in the lady's innocence is shaken, but I cannot yet condemn her as guilty."

"Stop *here!* Mr. Montague," exclaimed his wife. "You surely are not in earnest, when you remember of what a crime this young person is believed to be guilty."

"I have expressed my desire, madam, I shall not allow the unfortunate girl to be removed to-night," said George Montague, leaving the room to shut himself up in his own study, miserable enough, for black as things appeared against Maria—though the bracelet having been pledged in her name, appeared perfectly conclusive of her guilt—he had still great difficulty in imagining such to be the case, in conjunction with the honest-looking face, the simplicity and candor of the young German.

Did Maria rest on this her last night in that elegant mansion? Ah, no; rest when she knew she was there under a species of imprisonment, suspected guilty of a crime, the very thought of which made her shudder! How could she? Every hour was counted by her, poor soul, as it winged its flight; the only alleviation to her deep misery being the consciousness that good Squire Mainwaring had sent the money to her poor father.

Breakfast was served up in her room by the housekeeper, who sympathized with her like her master, but simply put the small tray, containing chocolate and toast, upon the table, and then left the room without saying a word. She could not eat the food; it seemed as if it would choke her, but she

took a small cup of chocolate, and then pushed the tray aside, knelt down again, as she had done once before that morning, and prayed, oh, *how* fervently, that the good God would clear away from her character this horrible suspicion. Maria was still upon her knees, her cold hands clasped in prayer, and tears trickling through her fingers, when she thought she heard the sound of a strange footstep in the gallery without. Her hour was come, she felt it intuitively, and as she pressed her hand upon her heart, for it beat wildly, she heard a knock at the door. She felt assured the officer was without, and, rising from her knees gave him admittance.

"Mein Herr," the alarmed girl exclaimed, "you cannot want *me*. Why are you here again?"

"I am sorry to say I *do* want you, Miss," said the officer. "We have found the bracelet; it has been pledged in your name, and I am obliged to take you, Miss, before the magistrate."

"My God, what sorcery is this?" exclaimed Fraulein, leaping from her seat, pale as a marble statue, and with trembling limbs she tottered across the room. "What do you mean? It is false; it is a lie; it is a calumny," she repeated in the vehemence of her emotion, "that is not true; I say no, I *will* hear *nothing* on this subject; bring Mr. Montague to me, he is a good gentleman, and will believe me."

"But, Miss, you must come with me at once," urged the officer; "it is all true; the bracelet was pledged in your name; you must come to the magistrate, Miss, and not be angry with me, for I *must* do my duty. Mr. Montague cannot see you, Miss, but I wish to do all in my power for you. Will you go quietly, like a lady now? and my man shall fetch a cab for you and me; or, will you choose to walk? for you must come, that is certain."

Again did the excited Fraulein pour forth in a storm of exclamations, in her native tongue, assertions of her innocence, but they were lost upon the officer, who, of course, understood not a word of the language. At last a new idea seemed to seize upon the poor girl's mind; the magistrate would be a gentleman, he might give that credit to her story which was denied her now.

"I will go; I will ride," she said, and then, with an air of assumed calmness, she put on her shawl and bonnet, over which she tied a thick lace veil, drawing the latter closely over her face.

Meanwhile the officer had opened the door, and whispering to his companion without, had dispatched him for a cab; and in a few moments, bowed down with grief and unmerited humiliation, poor Maria Flohrberg left the home of her employers.

The magistrate was busily employed hearing the cases brought before him that day, and Maria found herself hurried into a densely crowded court, surrounded by those unfortunate beings whose very countenances bore evidence to the evil nature of the life they pursued. And more than two hours passed, ere she heard her name called by one of the officers of the court.

Overpowered with shame, and trembling like an aspen leaf, she turned to the spot pointed out by the man who had accompanied her hither, and heard him depose to the circumstances attendant on the late robbery.

Then a man, unknown to Fraulein, stepped forwards; he was the pawnbroker, Stevens.

"I took the bracelet, in question," he said, "from a female similar in height and dress like the prisoner at the bar. I can swear to that shawl, for two of my young men were amusing themselves by

noticing that it was very old-fashioned, and asking each other how much they would lend on it were it ever brought to us as a pledge. The person, too, had fair hair, spoke in French, and gave the name of Maria Flohrberg, when giving the bracelet in pledge."

"Dare you say you ever saw my face before. That is not true, I swear it," exclaimed Maria, in a voice which rang through the whole court, and throwing back her veil as she spoke, she confronted the man whose evidence thus unhesitatingly given, signed, as it were, her deathblow.

"It certainly must have been the same person," said the pawnbroker, after he had unflinchingly met that agonized gaze; "she was a foreigner, I am sure; the hair, and height, and dress are the same I can swear, but she kept her veil down when in my shop."

"And at what time, to the best of your remembrance, was this bracelet pledged?" asked the magistrate.

"At ten, or, perhaps, five minutes to eight," replied Stevens. "My men were employed in preparing to close for the night when the prisoner entered the shop, so that I know I am exact as to time."

"What do you say, my God, what do you say!" exclaimed Maria. "I was in the house with my friend, Miss O'Donnell, when you say I was in your shop."

At this moment Fraulein heard the rustle of female attire; her heart beat more violently than ever. Mary, dear Mary, had some wondrous chance brought her back to save her from a prison and from shame? But no, it was no loving, tender friend, who had come to prove an *alibi* for Fraulein, but the woman Wilson, who stepped forwards, and deposed, on oath, to having met the Fraulein Flohrberg on the staircase, dressed in the bonnet and shawl she now wore, at

a little after eight on the evening in question.

Again Maria would have spoken, but she heard the name of Montague, the name of the prosecutor. Oh! no, it could not be; his wife might, but he, so good and just, he would surely not persecute to death one who was innocent as herself.

"Mr. Montague declines to prosecute, your worship," said the officer.

"But he *must* do so," said the magistrate, "the case is no light one, and I shall commit the prisoner for trial; she can give no satisfactory account as to the money she had in her possession either."

A piercing shriek burst from Maria's lips, as these words sounded in her ears; but at that moment an officer of the court stepped forwards, saying,

"There is a gentleman present, your worship, who will stand bail to any amount you wish, so convinced is he of the innocence of the prisoner."

Squire Mainwaring now stepped forwards, and thus addressed the magistrate. "A lady, visiting my house, but unfortunately absent at present, can, I am convinced, swear to her being in company with the prisoner at the house in Harley Street, at the very time she is believed to be in the shop in Oxford Street. We shall also be able to procure the name and address of the person whom Fraulein Flohrberg declares to have met on the evening of the robbery, at about twenty minutes to eight o'clock. I will enter into bail to any amount your worship may please to name, so convinced am I of the innocence of this poor young lady."

Mr. Mainwaring felt sure that the magistrate's view of the case was against Fraulein, and large as was the amount of bail required for the due appearance of Maria, to take her trial at the appointed time, he gladly entered into his own recognizances, and then hurried the poor

Fraulein from the scene of the morning's trial.

Faint, sick, covered with shame and mortification, the unhappy Fraulein was assisted into a cab by the kind-hearted Squire, whose hand, I am bound to own as a faithful chronicler, she pressed to her lips in the excess of her gratitude; and the eyes of the good Mr. Mainwaring became humid, as he felt the hot tears fall on that same old withered hand of his. He ordered the cab to drive straight to his own substantial, well-appointed house, in Cavendish Square, and found his wife and daughters eagerly looking out for his arrival.

Poor dear persecuted Fraulein, how kindly did those good souls care for her, and try to extract the thorn which had entered so deeply into her heart; and not attempting to hide the truth of the bitterness of the humiliation she was called on to suffer, reminded her only of One, who, for the example of his followers, submitted to be falsely accused, though the Lord of heaven and earth.

Mary O'Donnell's answer to the barrister's letter was anxiously looked for, for on her evidence, principally, must the acquittal of Fraulein depend, when the trial should come on; her own mind, indeed, appeared a perfect chaos of bewilderment and confusion. Her explanation was lucid enough as to her meeting with Herr Von Sulper, her return home, the way she had employed herself when there, and the second visit of Mary, but she knew nothing about the exact time at which Mary had paid that second visit; it might be eight, it might be later, she said; her only chance of safety clearly rested with her friend.

That some person had worn Maria's garments, there could be no doubt; and who should that be but the woman Wilson, whose height, and the color of whose hair was similar to her own.

Maria remembered she had left her shawl in the study, also her veil and bonnet. It was self-evident that, in the time that intervened after the return home of Fraulein, the woman Wilson, confident that she should not be discovered, had used Fraulein's garments, and admitting herself to the house with a key, had not been seen to return, whilst Maria had been met by herself, she positively swore, *after* the hour of eight.

Everything, it was clear, would rest upon Mary's evidence, and that of the Herr Von Sulper, whom the barrister declared he would write to at once, directing his letter to the gentleman at whose house General O'Donnell had lived while at Coblenz, and advising him that his evidence would be necessary at the approaching trial, not only as to the point of time, but also to swear to his having given the unfortunate girl the money, part of which was assumed to be a portion of the proceeds of the stolen property.

"Now cheer up, Fraulein," said the clever young barrister, "the case is quite clear, and we will get you honorably through; but, above all things, when you come into court, try and keep yourself perfectly calm."

Poor Fraulein was full of gratitude to her kind friends, but ere she left them for the night, she said, "I have a favor to ask;" then blushing deeply, she added, "they say *I* took this bracelet; do not keep me here in this house; let me have some small room by myself, till they all shall say I never stole it."

The Mainwarings respected the feeling which induced Fraulein to make this request, and the next day they engaged, for her use, two neat apartments in Hampstead Road, until the trial should be over.

CHAPTER X.

MARY AT INNISMORE. DEATH AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS. THE CLOISTER.

A LOVELY summer evening was that on which Mary O'Donnell again beheld the old tower of Innismore rising above the valley in which the castle was situated, whilst in all their sublime grandeur frowned the heather-clad mountains; the sun was just setting, and its last rays shed a golden light on the fertile and luxuriantly wooded valley, now buried in such calm repose. The building was raised some two hundred years since, on the site of a very ancient structure, one tower of which still remained. The rays of the sun glittered cheerily on the white granite walls of the edifice, and though the sudden illness of Mrs. O'Donnell was the cause of Mary's summons hither, still she felt that pleasure we all experience on our return homewards.

Old Conelly, a trusty and faithful servitor of the family, was the first to bid her welcome, with his, "Isn't it well plazed we all are to see your purty face again, Miss Mary, for the misthress has been looking afther ye since long fore-nint the sun set the evening, and its sorra ill she is, but—"

The old man was interrupted by the lightfooted Bridget, who hastened forwards to conduct Mary to her mistress's room, and led the way through a staircase of carved oak, to the rooms occupied by her mother, as she was wont to call the good lady of Innismore.

Mrs. O'Donnell was, indeed, very ill; still the physician hoped the crisis was past; and the arrival of the affectionate girl, whom she loved as if she were her own, called up a smile on the wan and suffering face.

Mr. O'Donnell was seated by the bedside, his usually good-humored, pleasant countenance, all the worse

for the nights and days of anxiety he had lately passed, and he, too, pressed a fatherly kiss on the fair young forehead of the daughter of his adoption.

"Now, darling mother," said Mary, pillowing the invalid's yet throbbing head upon her gentle bosom, "you must have no one to nurse you but me, and you must soon get well again under my care; and when you can listen, I have much to tell you of your English friends."

But Mrs. O'Donnell thought she could listen then, and so before the moon had shed its pale rays over yonder mountain, at the foot of which the castle rose, much had been told of home scenes and home friends in England, and almost one of the first named, on account of her connection with General O'Donnell, was the unfortunate Maria Flohrberg.

"But what can Margaret have written to me about so soon," said Mary to herself, as the very next morning, on taking her place again in her dear old sitting-room to do the honors of the breakfast-table, she perceived a letter there bearing the London postmark. It contained a few brief lines; told her of the scene that had taken place at the Montagues, the loss of the bracelet, the suspicion that had fallen on Fraulein, and ended with telling her that she should write again on the following day.

In no small anxiety did Mary watch for the second epistle. She received it in due course, but *this* time it was in the handwriting of the barrister.

We need not, of course, repeat its contents, with the nature of which the reader is already acquainted; everything was explained, and the concluding lines were as follows:

"The trial will come on probably in about six weeks from the present time, and you, my dear Miss

O'Donnell, will be subpoenaed as one of our principal witnesses, for we expect much to hear from you, that you were with Fraulein at the very time in which it is stated she pledged the bracelet. If, as we hope and believe, you can state this on your oath, your evidence alone will be amply sufficient for the acquittal of poor Maria Flohrberg."

This epistle caused no small uneasiness at Innismore, for Mrs. O'Donnell was very ill, but still she might be quite recovered long before the time specified; and to relieve, at once, the minds of her friends from all doubt, Mary wrote as follows:

"INNISMORE.

"DEAR SIR: I can say, on my oath, that Maria Flohrberg and myself were chatting together, in her chamber, from a quarter before till a quarter after eight, the evening previous to my leaving home. I had been with her for an hour, earlier in the evening; we went out together at a little before seven; I parted from her at the top of Regent Street, and a very little later, thought that being faint and ill, a few peaches might be an acceptable offering; I purchased them, and returned almost immediately, but Maria had arrived home before me; she had just finished a short note. She also told me the reason *why* she had been out at all that evening, and of the fortunate termination of her trouble. I can swear to the time, because not only did the church clock chime the three-quarters after seven, but the timepiece in Maria's room pointed to the same hour. I shall be quite ready, my dear sir, whenever you call upon me," continued Mary. "From what I have heard, I think giving one's evidence in a court of justice must be a most painful task, and a species of torture I could willingly dispense with; but I hope to come off with credit, and trust that you will find me a very clear-headed witness. Give my best love to your mother and sisters, not forgetting our poor Fraulein. I was much shocked at the contents of the note I have just received. Yours very truly,

"MARY O'DONNELL."

Slowly but surely Mrs. O'Donnell recovered from an illness which

had brought her almost to the verge of the grave; but a naturally vigorous constitution had enabled her to triumph over it, and the care and solicitude of Mary was at length crowned with success, by beholding her friend again occupy her accustomed place in the library, or the ordinary apartments of Innismore.

On one fair September evening, only one week before the time when the subpoena that morning served upon her told her she must be in London, to give her evidence in the approaching trial of Maria Flohrberg, Mary was seated alone in the library with Mrs. O'Donnell; the moon had just risen; every article in the room was seen as clearly as in the full light of mid-day, and its mild soft rays fell full on the pale face of the yet scarcely convalescent Mrs. O'Donnell. Mary had read aloud till the sun had set, and was now speaking of a subject near to her heart, the approaching trial, her fear, for she *did* fear, her entrance in a court of justice, when the silence of the evening, hitherto so undisturbed, was broken by a low plaintive voice warbling the following simple words, some little distance off; the voice sometimes sounding close at hand, then again dying away in a painful feeble wail, lost, as it were, among the distant hills.

"My lone, sad life was ever full of sorrow:
If e'er I had a joy, it knew no morrow;
If e'er I loved, my love would end in woe,
And prove the deepest grief this heart could
know.

"Ah, yes! 'twere torture far beyond belief,
To know that love for me could work such grief:
That I amid these rocks and glens may sigh
Throughout the livelong day, at eve mayhap to
die.

"Alone, uncared for, not one tear to lave
The spot where wretched Ailey finds a grave.
My husband false; my child, she knows not I
Am watching near, yet all alone to die."

Mary had sat with folded hands and parted lips, bending forwards, eager to catch each word that fell from the lips of the songstress; at first she had paid but little atten-

tion, but suddenly a chord was touched which had long since ceased to vibrate in her affectionate heart; she had heard that air to which the words were sung in far other scenes, on the waters of the broad Atlantic; far, far away in a penal settlement; again in this the land of her nativity; but ever, ever amid sorrow and suffering. The voice, too, was not unlike; and yet the lips of her of whom she thought had long since been closed in death; yet, again the strain is borne on the evening air, and the name of Ailey falls upon her ear, the remaining words feebly dying away as if sung at a considerable distance.

She had sat, as it were, speechless, transfixed; but suddenly she bounded from her seat, "Mother, I come, I come," shrieked the girl, and Mrs. O'Donnell (ah! well she knew who had sung those words) saw but the flutter of her white robe as she rushed through the open window into the valley beyond.

And still fell on her affrighted ear those words, uttered in that heart-thrilling tone, "My mother, my mother," as Mary rushed through valley and glen, round by the hillside and beneath the overhanging rocks in her wild despairing search.

Mrs. O'Donnell tottered to the bell rope, and bid the affrighted servants hasten in all directions in search of their young mistress.

The distracted Mary had already searched fruitlessly for the mother whom she was convinced still lived, and was now aided in her search by the servants. A horrible fear took possession of her soul; what if she had perished by falling into one of the many pieces of water which abounded in that fertile spot.

Suddenly a thought struck her, and in a rich deep voice she sang the last line of the ballad. Her idea was a happy one; the wanderer then feared not that she should be repelled, for, lo, again,

but very feebly, oh! so feebly, as if it were the last effort of expiring nature, fell upon the air, the words,

"Am watching near, but all alone to die."

For one moment Mary stood irresolute; but yes, the voice must surely come from beneath that overhanging rock, and the girl awakes the echoes amidst the distant mountains with the heart-stirring words, "Mother, mother!"

Onward she flies till she reaches that friendly rock; she *feels*, she *knows* she will surely find the dying wanderer there.

Look down, ye holy angels, and rejoice, for the soul of the outcast has made its peace with God, and she is not to be denied one long and last embrace from the dear one from whom she had so long been severed.

The moon shone forth in unusual splendor, not the smallest fleecy cloud passing over its disk to mar its brilliancy; the parent and child are alone; the warm arms of Mary cradle the dying mother; the head, already damp with the dews of death, reposes on her gentle bosom; and hot tears fall on that cold face, every feature of which has, in the long lapse of years, been fondly treasured in the heart of the loving child.

"Ah! mother, mother! they told me you were dead, long, long years since," sighed Mary; "oh, why was this?"

"My love, for thee, Mavourneen; my love for thee," feebly gasped the dying woman; "to see thee made a lady, to spare thee coming under thy mother's ban, I made thee think that I was dead; and now, glory be to God," said the dying woman raising her attenuated hands to heaven, "I can kiss and bless thee, my own heart's treasure, before I die, and Ailey is content; that air thou didst remember Mavourneen, and the blessed Mary hath heard my prayer."

The sacredness of the scene was respected by the servants, but Connelly stepped forwards.

"His mistress wished," he said, "the dying woman to be brought to the Castle; she had already sent for the services of the parish priest; couldn't they carry her to Innismore?"

But no, it might not be, for Ailey could not bear removal; but close, quite close at hand, much nearer than the Castle, was the cottage of Bridget's mother, and thither they carried Ailey, and the priest was soon at his post, to strengthen the dying one with the last sacraments of the church. She lingered through the night, but ere the sun had gilded with its golden rays the tall summit of the mountains, the soul of Ailey had passed to its rest, her head pillowed on the shoulder of her child.

Why is it that the outpouring of parental love, so often returns in so thin a stream from the heart of the child? Why is it that so often it is found so strong in its descent, so weak and feeble in its upward current? But not so was it with Mary.

It was well for her after peace of mind, that her dying mother, in the few hours which she spent with her newly found child, dropped no word by which she made known to Mary the stern repulse she had met from Mrs. O'Donnell, in the vain effort she had made to see her child; if she had, it were difficult to say whether or no Mary could again have borne to reside at Innismore. Still, humanly speaking, Mrs. O'Donnell could not be blamed for having kept the unfortunate Ailey so strictly to the performance of her promise; she naturally dreaded lest the child whom she had adopted should become by contact with its unfortunate, weak, and erring mother, a sharer in that mother's misery.

A few days later, then, the remains of poor Ailey were conveyed

to their rest in the churchyard of Innismore, and it was, perhaps, well for Mary that she should be denied the power of brooding over the death of her mother, and dwelling on the miseries which had preceded it, by her almost immediate departure for London. Yet there was one visit to be paid first, for Mary's resolution, made long since, scarce needed the last overwhelming trial to render it firmer than it had previously been.

Not far from Innismore was an humble Convent of Carmelite Nuns, with whom Mary had been educated, and now, pale and tearful, clad in robes of deepest mourning, she sought the Prioress, in order to inquire if she could be admitted into the house, on her return from London.

"Mrs. O'Donnell then is dead, my dear child," was the first remark of the nun, who knew the secret of Mary's birth, and that the name of O'Donnell did not belong to her in her own right, and who had heard of the death of her mother, when Mary was first a pupil in the convent school.

With much surprise then did she listen to the story unfolded to her by Mary, who added,

"You may well understand that Innismore is no longer a place in which I can bear to dwell, associated as it will ever be with such painful remembrances. I have now to visit London, summoned thither as witness in a criminal court, and would wish *not* to visit Innismore, but to come here on my return to Ireland instead. I have the consent of my benefactors for so doing."

"God has led you to himself by the path of suffering, my child," said the gentle nun, "and if it be his will, that after the ordinary term of noviciate has expired, you should make your profession amongst us, your wounded heart may yet taste a peace which you

have not known in the world. Come with me, Mary, the community even now are at recreation; some you will remember; of course the lapse of six years will have wrought a change; others have been removed by the hand of death, a visitation, as you know, terribly felt in a community which is a little world in itself; and you will also recognize some new faces amongst our novices and younger nuns; they will gladly welcome their new sister."

As the nun spoke thus, she passed from the reception-room into the gallery without, down a spacious staircase, and through the quiet cloisters, paved with marble, till she reached the gardens, where the chief part of the community had adjourned.

The appearance of a beloved Superior was the signal for the nuns to join her, and Mary, their former docile, clever pupil, was warmly welcomed by those who of old had been her preceptresses, whilst the younger nuns, to whom she was a stranger, came forward to tender her their kindly salute.

With a full heart and tears welling into her eyes, Mary looked upon the quiet group; here, she thought to herself, is quietude and peace, where the soul may at last find rest; she knew, too, the histories of some amongst the sisterhood; how two or three were daughters of noble families, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, but who felt a void within their hearts which the world could not satisfy; who felt themselves called, as it were, to serve God in religious seclusion, and by cutting asunder human ties, did but anticipate that severance which, sooner or later, the hand of death would effect. Others there were, too, whose hearts, like her own, had ached under the pressure of earthly sorrow, or who, perchance, had found this life one arduous struggle; who, delicately reared, had only poverty for their inherit-

ance ; these latter sisters had, mayhap, sought religion with a less perfect intention, but there they were nevertheless ; and even as when two children make to some fond parent an offering of affection, the one, mayhap, a lovely rose, the other, some wild wayside flower, yet both are accepted with love, so, may we hope, that the great Father of all would reject none of these, his children, whether they bring him hearts full of love, but untried with worldly care, or, whether they are those who

have tried the world, and, whom the world has sorely tried, too, and who seek the cloister's calm and quiet shade with aching hearts, hearts which long for rest and peace, hearts which trouble, and sorrow, and disappointment, and wreck of earthly hope, or, perchance, the death of some dear one, on whom their affections were too firmly fixed,—for, “where the treasure is, there will the heart be also”—bath led the soul to God.

(To be continued.)

IN EXITU ISRAEL.

Out of the land of Egypt
 God's children rejoicing went,
 From the house of alien bondage,
 The land of their banishment.

Out of the land of Egypt,
 The ancient prophecies run ;
 The words of God the Father,
 “I have called my only Son.”

Out of the land of Egypt,
 We too have rejoicing come ;
 Led by our infant captain,
 Back to our native home.

Out of the land of Egypt,
 Oh ! let us never return
 Unto the courts of Herod ;—
 None for the flesh-pots yearn.

Out of the land of Egypt,
 Led by Faith's guiding ray,
 We, as the Eastern sages,
 Go home another way.

Out of the land of Egypt,
 Safe from the coming wrath,
 May we find a peace ne'er-ending,
 In our heavenly Nazareth.

BROTHER PHILIP, SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

A DEPARTED BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND.

THE number of great men is not such that their memory should be allowed to drop into obscurity with their mortal remains, as these are hidden beneath the only covering earth offers the prince or the pauper.

If the humility of such men has led them to remain unknown amid the multitude of good works which proclaimed their existence, justice requires that we should draw their names from the seclusion which would in a certain sense belie the declaration of Him who has promised that the memory of the just shall be held in eternal benediction. Show us a man who has labored in a good cause from the hour in which premature grace has opened the eyes of his intelligence to the grandeur of his vocation; place this man in the lowest as well as in the highest offices; present him in these various positions, ever true to his higher nature, undeviating, even for an hour, in the struggle with the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life; let him be the representative of the church in her grandest battle, during half a century; at the same time while he has sought to be unknown, let him be shown as the bosom friend of the Holy Father, the recipient of honors from monarchical as well as republican governments; let this man be known to his friends as one who never knew how to falter, and to his enemies, if he had any, because of the work he represented, as one who never suffered defeat; and, having brought to our mind the man in whom all these traits are combined, let us say with the writer, such was the humble, learned,

indefatigable Brother Philip, late Superior of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

It has been well said by the great tribune of the metropolis, in speaking of the Sister of Charity, that "she has no name," save that which she has borrowed, the better to show the specific nature of her life; so Brother Philip is known to us only as the humble religious without a name, but that which he has immortalized, and a fame that time but increases and study will make stronger.

Brother Philip was born in Gachat (Loire), on the 1st of November, 1792. He was therefore at his death about the same age as the present gloriously reigning Pope Pius IX. He saw the light in days which beheld the Church a victim to the insatiate rage of exultant ruffianism, when Catholicity among Frenchmen was a passport to the guillotine, and where blasphemy was the stepping-stone to momentary glory.

With his friends from America Brother Philip loved to speak of those days when he had to go, like the Christians of old, in the darkness of the night, while tyranny slept, only to awaken refreshed for new excesses, and then receive the word of life,—Christian instruction, from the venerable pastor whose love for little children overcame the desire he had to grasp the martyr's crown.

Under such circumstances did the future Superior-General prepare to do battle for the cause of God, and learn to despise the false cry of an age that proclaims the liberty of libertinism, while forbidding the freedom of those who

seek to announce the truth which makes men free.

Libanius, the orator, pronounced the emperors happy who lived in the days when the golden-mouthed Chrysostom sent forth his measured utterances. Without flattery it may be said that the Order was blessed, that during so many years was directed by the counsels of Brother Philip, and led on to its present high standard through the observance of those wise maxims he so frequently and so urgently repeated, in season and out of season, to his attached confrères and willing subjects.

After edifying his native village during seventeen years, he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers on the 6th of November, 1809.

At this early age he gave evidence of the master mind he was to manifest. The evil one was not idle, and so far did he prevail upon the young athlete, that in a moment of discouragement he was about to escape from the novitiate, when a warning voice and a cheering word brought back the future Superior-General.

Old Brothers, it is said, occasionally recalled this episode to their dear Brother Philip, and the latter always gracefully acknowledged his momentary faltering, and thanked his good friends whose prayers, he said, must have saved his vocation.

It required but a few years for the energy, zeal, learning, and piety of Brother Philip to bring him to a forward position in the estimation of the Institute of which he was a member. Accordingly, while he was yet but thirty years of age, we find him elected a delegate to the General Chapter of the order held in 1822, thirteen years after he had entered the Institute.

To religious who know the care with which such delegates are selected, and the number from among which they are to be chosen,

this early public recognition of Brother Philip's worth as a man, a religious, and a scholar, all of which are considered in selecting a delegate, must afford the fullest evidence of the prominent place he had attained, not only in the estimation of his superiors, but likewise among his equals and inferiors.

At the General Chapter of 1822, he represented his district, being then Director, we believe, of the important community of St. Nicholas in Paris. Eight years after, another convention of the order having been called, the choice of the delegates, among whom was Brother Philip, fell upon the still youthful Director, and he was elected Second Assistant to the Superior-General, there being at that time four Brothers bearing the burdens of that position.

Had there been any undue valuation placed upon the talents of Brother Philip, he was now in a position to be more fully known than at any previous time. Placed under the immediate notice of the Superior-General, brought into direct communication with thousands of his Brothers, many of whom were his seniors in years and in religion, so far from losing the confidence so early given, he gained upon the affections of all, and even the few who doubted his experience admitted the wisdom of the choice that had selected him for so important a position. He continued in this during seven years, when the sixteenth General Chapter was held, in which Brother Philip was continued in office for a term of ten years.

Brother Anaclet, then Superior-General, having died the following year (1838), another Chapter was called, and the prayers of the entire Order were offered that a worthy successor might be given to a man all had loved. Their supplication received a propitious response, and

the Brothers throughout the world rejoiced that their new Superior was the justly renowned Brother Philip, in whom all had so much confidence, and whose comparative youthful manhood rendered likely to live for many years, to serve an Institute he had so long honored.

Let the reader recall the historical tragedies that have passed on the stage of French history since that time; let him recall the constant and unvarying battle of revolutionism against truth and church or education, and hence form some idea of the anxieties, the responsibilities of such a position as that of Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, a body of men whose principles, objects, and constitutions are diametrically opposed to the machinations, the designs, and the aspirations of the enemies of Christian education.

It is not necessary to speak of the immense labor entailed in such a position, from the numerous letters, grave questions, and urgent communications received, all of which have to pass under the immediate supervision and receive the personal attention of the Superior-General.

One would imagine that to do even a portion of this work would be sufficient to occupy his whole time. Yet he found leisure to write a large number of works; he brought the systems of instruction used in the Institute to the highest point of perfection, and did all this without neglecting any of those duties more directly coupled with his position.

He had always manifested a great interest in the cause of the canonization of the great servant of God, John Baptist de La Salle, founder of the order of Christian Brothers. So zealously did he labor, that two years after his election, the decree was promulgated, declaring de La Salle VENERABLE,

and permitting further proceedings in the case.

During his generalship the order took unexpected and unusual extension. Brothers were sent by him to America. They were likewise sent to the French colonies, even to China; also to all the most important other portions of the world. Before his time they had been principally confined to France. Hence Americans should not forget one who has done so much and such valuable service in the cause of Catholicity, by introducing a body whose success has been so remarkable.

Perhaps the action of the General Chapter of 1838 will best illustrate the confidence placed in the new Superior. Having examined various letters, memorials, and communications, the body adjourned, leaving the arrangement of such matters, as in these various papers needed attention, to the wisdom of the newly elected helmsman.

There were many characteristic traits in Brother Philip which may be interesting to know.

Naturally he was not very communicative, but it has been universally remarked, that upon the arrival of strangers, he would always do them the satisfaction of asking many questions about the countries whence they had come. Repeatedly he would take occasion to meet them, asking if all their wants were supplied, and doing all in his power to make his visitors feel that while away from their country they were still "at home."

He always professed the greatest interest in his American provinces, and never failed, especially during the last years of his life, to send some little souvenir at New Year's to his dear children across the waters.

Some years after his election he commenced the publication of a series of works on religious subjects, since translated into several modern

languages, and largely read by members of religious orders, of men and of women. As far as we can recollect, the following list comprises most of his works known in this country :

1. "Meditations," being a synopsis of subjects classified under different headings, for each day in the year, according to the Sundays' gospels.

2. "Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels," a work of much research, and one greatly recommended by learned ecclesiastics in Europe. It is written for advanced classes in schools and colleges, but also suited to the uses of pastors in parochial instruction.

3. "Thoughts of the Venerable de La Salle," a collection of the letters and instructions left by the holy founder, to which are added a large number of circular letters, sent at different times by his predecessors. After these come about twenty short treatises on various subjects, from the pen of Brother Philip himself.

4. "Motives of Encouragement," a work dealing with, and refuting such objections, and removing such difficulties as young religious teachers encounter.

5. "The Particular Examen." This perhaps is one of the most useful works he has written. It is a large volume, and treats exhaustively of the virtues religious should practice, and the defects they should avoid. A feature of the work is the opening and the closing of each subject by copious and appropriate quotations of Scripture. This book has had, and still has, very extensive sale outside of the Order, among the various religious orders in France and America, not to mention Germany. In this work will also be found a numerous collection of subjects on the duties of Christian teachers—a feature not found in any other similar work with which we are acquainted.

6. "The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." In this, as in all his works on special subjects, the learned Superior opens with a CONSIDERATION, continued by an APPLICATION of the subject, closing the treatment with a prayer full of unction, this being followed by a *résumé* of the whole, to be used in meditating.

We must be excused for not furnishing extracts from these and the following works, as it would lead us beyond the limits of an article, and would not do the works any thing like justice.

7. "The Eucharist, and the Sacred Heart." This work will probably give most pleasure to the members of female communities, though the next work on our list may be equally acceptable.

8. "Meditations on the Most Blessed Virgin." The CATHOLIC RECORD, in reviewing this work, was pleased to say :

"We notice with undisguised pleasure, as a most promising omen for the new incumbent of the metropolitan see, that one of his first approbations should be affixed to a work on the most Blessed Virgin, issued in his own Archdiocese, whose crest bears the fitting inscription, 'Auspice Maria.'

"It is divided according to the festivals of the year ; also according to the subjects embraced, from 'Mary predestined to be the Mother of God' to 'The Assumption of Mary.' Next come meditations on 'Her Virtues,' followed by others on 'Her Greatness and Patronage,' concluding with fifteen meditations on 'Devotion to Mary.'

"There is an almost entire absence of any allusion to the much-used field of the miraculous, the author preferring, it would seem, to found his reasoning on certain accepted and dogmatic principles, building on these principles a beautiful superstructure of devotional reasoning, still devoid, as we re-

mark, of anything purely assumed. To pastors whose month of May exercises call for instruction for their flocks, we know not any work more to be commended. The treatment of the subjects will be found in keeping with the middle and higher class of intelligence, while it will not fail to greatly edify even the most illiterate."

9. "Meditations on the Religious Life." This is the largest of Brother Philip's works, is in two volumes, and embraces every subject connected with the religious state. It is not yet translated into English, but we hope it will soon appear in its new dress.

The Censor, in giving his opinion on the above work to the venerable Archbishop of Tours, says: "What gives these Meditations a special character of strength and unction, is the clear and simple style constantly nourished and heightened by texts of Scripture interwoven, and thus made mutually explanatory. All in these Meditations bear the impress of the spirit of God and of consummate experience. We believe this work cannot be too much recommended to those who seek religious perfection, and those who have charge of the conduct of others."

"We desire," says the Archbishop, "that this book should be largely distributed."

10. "Meditations on St. Joseph." This will afford great edification to all who rejoice in the honor lately conferred on the Guardian of Mary, in making him the protector of the Universal Church, and thus honoring, in this age of unbelief, him who in his relations to Mary gave great evidence that blessed was he, because without seeing he did believe in the innocence of his chaste spouse.

11. "The Last Ends." Brother Philip, like all experienced in the ways of God, knew that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wis-

dom;" hence the above was one of the first books he issued. It is replete with the profoundest conviction of eternal truth, and cannot fail to make a deep impression upon the earnest reader.

These are the works that suggest themselves to our memory. There are some others, we believe.

While thus engaged he was not unmindful, as we have said, of the duties of his position proper.

The Institute kept on progressing, and was in the full growth of its prosperity, when the late Franco-Prussian war came in to make sad havoc in many homes.

Enemies of religion claim that Catholicity, and the religious life in particular, is opposed to patriotism; they say that a good monk *must* be a bad citizen.

The conduct of Brother Philip is the best illustration of the falsity of their assertions.

Several hundred aged Brothers, already on the retired list, having been asked by the venerable Superior what they could do for their country in her hour of need, generously offered to become "heartly again," and to teach classes while the younger members, under marshals appointed by their general, Philip, went out on the battle-fields, or hastened to the hospitals and ambulances to succor friend and foe. While parties fought among themselves as to who was to blame for the war and its disasters, Brother Philip resolved to do his share in removing or assuaging these horrors. The subjoined letter should be written in letters of gold, and if the French government wishes to erect him a monument, no better epitaph could be placed over this patriotic religious than this magnificent letter:

"PARIS, August 15th, 1870.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

"Notwithstanding the labors of the scholastic year, made yet more fatiguing by the excessive heat of these summer

months, our Brothers wish to avail themselves of the time of vacation in order to pay a new tribute of devotion to their country.

"Consequently, Monsieur le Ministre, I now place at your disposal all the free establishments we possess, such as those in Passy, Saint-Omer, Thionville, Dijon, Beauvais, Dreux, Lille, Rheims, Lyon, Chambery, Le Puy, Béziers, Toulouse, Marseilles, Avignon, Rodez, Nantes, Quimper, Tours, Orleans, Moulins, Clermont, Our Mother House, Oudinot Street, Paris, &c.; and, as far as we are concerned, the houses and parish schools directed by us throughout the whole empire, to be converted into ambulances.

"All the Brothers who conduct these free and public establishments, offer to take care of the sick and wounded who may be given them in charge.

"The soldiers love our Brothers, and our Brothers love them; a great number of them having been brought up in our schools, will be happy to receive care and attention inspired by the zeal and devotion of their former masters.

"The members of my council, our Brothers, visitors, and myself, forgetting our fatigue and the many years we have devoted to the education of the working classes, will make it our duty to superintend this service, and to encourage our Brothers in that act of charity and devotion.

"In these dispositions, I have the honor to be, &c."

The history of the Brothers during this fearful struggle, may be compiled from the numerous letters received by the Superior-General and his companions. We republish a couple.

The following is a letter addressed to the *Armorique* of St. Brieuc:

"We beg you to permit us, through your columns, in the name of the Saint Brieuc Company of Firemen, to express publicly our thanks to the Institute of the Christian Brothers, for the kindly welcome they gave to a portion of our company during their stay in Paris.

"Each one of us can bear witness to the kind attention he uniformly received from the Brothers with whom we were brought in contact; and, above all, do we cherish the grateful remembrance

of their venerable and most gifted Superior-General, Brother Philip, who, from our arrival till our departure, ceased not to load us with the most delicate and thoughtful attentions.

"With our thanks, Mr. Editor, you will also please accept our respectful consideration.

"A. GUEPIN,

"Capt. St. Brieuc Firemen.

"LEUDUGER FORTMOREL,

"Surgeon St. Brieuc Firemen."

A work recently published, with the inviting title, "The Brothers of the Christian Schools during the war of 1870-71," thus describes how Brother Philip received soldiers in his own house in Paris:

"The Dinan men, and a squad from St. Brieuc, are conducted to the Faubourg St. Germain, to the Mother House of the Brothers, in Oudinot Street.

"On entering the establishment, our brave Bretons are received by a venerable old man, with a smiling aspect, a mild yet penetrating look; this man, one of the most popular in Paris, is Brother Philip, the same who had placed his school and his Brothers at the country's service.

"He wishes to welcome in person and do the honors of his house to these worthy sons of dear and noble Brittany. Some of them may have been his pupils forty or fifty years ago; most of them have attended the Brothers' schools; to him they are all sons and friends. 'Make yourselves at home here,' said he, 'and consider this as your own; the Brothers are all the servants of the country's servants. How many are you?' he added. 'Two hundred.' 'Perhaps they are too numerous,' said one of the Brothers present, with an inquiring glance at his Superior. 'They are not too numerous,' said Brother Philip; 'our novices, who are not fatigued, can go and sleep at the Brothers' house in Passy.'

"And he himself conducted his new guests to a vast dormitory, where, in a little time, two hundred good beds were prepared. The Brothers had, moreover, the considerate kindness to place in the dormitory a sufficient number of tables covered with writing paper, pens, and inkstands, as if to invite every fireman to write home to his family.

"The officers were lodged in little rooms very plainly furnished, indeed, but exquisitely neat and clean.

"Provisions were the next thing to be thought of. It was no easy matter to procure them, none of the men knowing the city well enough to make the necessary purchases promptly and economically. The Superior-General helped them out of their dilemma by taking charge of all such matters, with the most disinterested kindness.

"In accordance with the desire of the officers, it was he who presided at their table, addressing to each some kind and patriotic words, making plain to all the inalienable rights of justice, which not only consecrates generous actions and laudable devotedness, but which, sooner or later, try and chastise prevaricating nations who are forgetful of their destiny.

"During the four days that the firemen from the Cotes-du-Nord passed in the Brothers' house, Oudinot Street, they were treated with the kindest attention.

"When they took leave of those who had extended to them such cordial and generous hospitality, tears of gratitude were seen in many an eye. When wishing them a safe journey home, Brother Philip gave to each a medal of the Blessed Virgin, hanging from a little tricolor badge. That precious medal was brought home by our Bretons to their families, and was seen shining on their breasts as they returned to their noble country."

Perhaps while Brother Philip showed himself so patriotic, his Brothers had failed to inspire patriotism in the children. One incident will suffice to prove that they were taught to be patriotic. At the close of the term, while the Brothers were talking to their children in several cities about what they should have for premiums, small gatherings were noticed immediately after, and in a few minutes the boys said: "Brother, what are you going to do during vacation?" "Take care of our sick soldiers," was the response. "Then," replied these brave lads, "save our premium-money to buy refreshments and medicines for our fathers and brothers."

So many and such distinguished services were not sufficient to save the Brothers from the fury of the Commune. Indeed, they were among the first to be selected as victims. At this juncture Brother Philip, who belonged to the whole Institute, and not merely to Paris, was obliged by his council to leave the capital. On his return he was saddened to see the devastation that had been perpetrated. He thus wrote on the subject:

"PARIS, 9th June.

"I cannot express what my feelings are at the sight of this unfortunate city, which has its finest monuments and vast numbers of its houses reduced to heaps of ruins. Neither can I describe my emotions on crossing the threshold of our mother house, where I found only Brothers waiting to welcome me with tears of mingled sorrow and happiness. With what inexpressible joy I saw again that dear Brother Calixtus, who had been a prisoner in my place, and our dear Brothers Baudime and Facile, who had so courageously shared his danger and his affliction.

"As it was the hour for benediction, we went to prostrate ourselves at the feet of our divine Saviour,

receive his gracious blessing, and to thank him with our whole hearts for the providential aid he had granted us. After benediction the hymn *Ecce quam bonum* was chanted. How my heart swelled with joy and gratitude on hearing, under such circumstances, those admirable words of the prophet!

"Yes, the scene was a sublime one, and more akin to heaven than earth.

"I afterwards tried to address our dear Brothers, thus joyfully reunited, but so great was my emotion that I could only say a few words of congratulation and encouragement, and tell them how much our Brothers in the provinces were interested in them, and how charitably they had everywhere welcomed their brethren who had been forced to fly from Paris."

It was during those terrible days that Brother Philip consented to receive a decoration he had repeatedly refused.

From the time of Louis Philippe, the various governments that succeeded each other in France offered the Cross of Honor to the venerable Superior-General, but the worthy old man always avoided receiving this mark of public esteem. But when defeat had fallen upon the arms of his country, and when hundreds of sick and dying soldiers needed to be encouraged in the humiliation of their country, then did Brother Philip consent to receive the decoration of the Cross of Honor, won by his heroic devotedness to the health and happiness of his country's cause.

It was Dr. Ricord, physician-in-chief, who had the privilege of honoring himself by publicly honoring the illustrious and patriotic Brother Philip.

At the close of the war, the Brothers returned to their wonted avocations, and one of Brother Philip's first labors was to prepare matter for, and call together the General

Chapter of the Institute. Here his humility caused him to seek, in the place of age and infirmity, a relief from the burden of the Superior-Generalship.

But the members, instructed by their constituents, and advised by the chief bishops of France, declared that though they had to carry him in an armchair, he should remain Superior.

Yielding to their appeal, he continued in office, and shortly after the close of the Chapter, had the inexpressible consolation of being invited to Rome to receive the decree from the Holy Father declaring that the venerable Jean Baptiste de La Salle had practiced in an heroic degree the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity towards God and his neighbor, as also the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, and their dependents. His interview with the Holy Father, previous to the ceremony, is interesting. The following synopsis we take from a French journal:

"The Holy Father on leaving his private apartments, casting a glance over the various parties who had called upon him, said in a loud voice to the Cardinals and prelates: 'There is Brother Philip. He is here to assist at the triumph of the founder of his company, the venerable de La Salle.'

"Approaching the good Brother, he gave his hand to be kissed, after which an interesting conversation ensued.

"Before dismissing his visitors he said some words to them in general, which terminated by this expression: 'I bless all these good people, and once more Brother Philip.'"

On All Saints' Day, as Mgr. Bartolini commenced the reading of the decree mentioned above, Brother Philip knelt. The Holy Father perceiving this, said to the lector: "Do not leave Brother Philip kneeling; that brave old man must

be very fatigued." And he was allowed to take a more convenient posture.

The Pope always seems to have delighted in honoring Brother Philip. After returning from the ceremony, the Superior-General noticed in the entrance of his temporary residence some baskets containing all sorts of pastry. Having inquired about them, the servant informed him they were a gift of the Holy Father. The Pope had said to his servants: "The Brothers are to have a little feast, and I must add to its joys."

Some years ago, at a general meeting of prelates from all parts of the world, and of the Superiors of religious orders, the Holy Father, availing himself of the Scriptural coincidence, said in the hearing of the Assembly: "Well, Philip, where shall we find bread for all this multitude?" "Holy Father," responded the Brother, "here is wherewith to feed them for three days," and he presented the gift of his Institute.

It was feared by many who knew the delicate state of his health that this trip to Rome would be of serious injury. Their anticipations were soon realized. Shortly after his return he was taken ill, and in a few days became sick beyond hope of recovery. Telegrams were received in this country, and the

Brothers throughout the provinces begged for a prolongation of his days. It was of no avail.

As a learned prelate remarked to a friend of the writer: "Brother Philip's crowning glory was given him in Rome lately. He has worked enough; why seek to deprive him longer of his reward?"

This great benefactor of youth, the father rather than the Superior of his Brothers, died on the 7th of January, after receiving the last rites of religion from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and a special blessing, by telegraph, from the Pope, and having spent sixty-four years and some months in the Institute, of whose Councils he had been nearly sixty years a member, and whose interests he fostered as Superior-General during nearly forty.

His obsequies took place in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, and were honored by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris and Rouen, the Archbishops of Nimes and Sura, and Mons. Buffet, President of the National Assembly.

May the blessing this new Jacob bestowed upon all his children, a short time before his death, rest upon them, and enable them to become, as he was, true children of La Salle.

GUILDS AND BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES.

"We are born to do benefits."

SHAKESPEARE.

BENEFICIAL societies, which are so abundant in these days, are generally considered as an outgrowth of modern life, suggested by the wants of a people under new circumstances. That these societies under a multitude of names do

exist in this country, and in almost every (perhaps, every) country in Europe, is evident, because they proclaim their existence by a publication of the calls for their meetings, and a notice of the election of officers. It is not impossible that there are many who seek to conceal their existence, while they

pursue with more or less directness, the object proposed in their organization.

Very few of these societies were mentioned in any papers fifty years ago, and hence it may be supposed that they are of modern creation.

The origin of some particular societies, most of those called "beneficial," is certainly modern. But as they profess to provide for wants that must have existed in distant times, it would be a matter of astonishment, if those wants so common to both periods, should not have suggested similar meliorative plans in other centuries.

Of those associations which are called "secret societies," we cannot be supposed to possess knowledge sufficiently intimate to enable us to institute a comparison between them, and the ordinary "benevolent society" of recent birth. These secret societies are not generally of ancient origin. The Masonic institution, indeed, claims to have an origin at a remote period

"On the tent plains of Shinar, truth's mystical clime."

But the Odd Fellows' society is of this century's growth. And then the "Grangers." They are of a still later date, rising almost with the last tobacco or wheat crop, and pressing forward to a consideration which numbers always claim in a country where the ballot-box is free for use or abuse. That party—for it is now coming to be a party—must have a species of triumph as Knownothingism did, before breaking to pieces. It may have a little longer life, because some of the measures (it does not seem to have any principles) present something like reality, and are not opposed to the character of our government, though, like Knownothingism, it may attempt to do negatively what the constitution forbids affirmatively.

We refer to these societies because they exist among us, but they are not of the kind that are usually denominated "beneficial societies."

What are "beneficial societies?"

Generally, they are composed of persons who deposit in the treasury of the society, a certain amount of money as an initiation fee, and pay the regular dues. And these members are permitted to draw from the funds, a certain weekly amount in case of sickness, or, in case of death, a sum is granted for the funeral expenses.

Some of these societies have beside the fiscal benefits, a certain object which is to be attained. Take, for example, the Temperance beneficial societies, which seem to enlarge their chance of augmenting their fund, and to diminish the probability of claims upon it, by pledging each member to total abstinence from all stimulating drink.

The Temperance beneficial societies now flourishing under the Catholics, are doing much more and gaining larger favors, than those whose existence is placed among the Protestants. The Catholic temperance societies have generally, so far as we have observed, confined their labors to the objects set forth in the declaration of ends. They have promoted temperance; they have encouraged economy among members; they have strengthened and multiplied social ties; they have illustrated to themselves and the world, the universally beneficial influence of the Catholic Church; they proclaim their objects and they exhibit their means. Wherever they have been established, with the concurrence of the clergy, their great utility is acknowledged. But it is not the object to laud this branch of beneficial associations.

It is the wants of society that suggest these beneficial associa-

tions. Society itself, communities, towns, counties, states, nations, are results of weakness seeking defence; and these local or general beneficial sodalities, are but local and special expedients for individual requirements. Some make similarity of pursuit a requirement of membership, and the Tailors' Beneficial Society, the Master Engineers' Association, the Fishermen's Company, while they involve the general principle of aid, denote also the direction which that aid shall take. And as the claims of the individual members of any one of these beneficial societies may, in a time of a general depression of business, equal the amount which the particular society may be able to dispense, it follows, that a suffering man, who is not a member of the confraternity, may perish in his sufferings, before the specially devoted fund of a benevolent society would be donated to his comfort.

The result of that (one result at least), is to lead men of other trades or occupations to unite, so that they may assist to administer a fund, and, if necessary, to partake of its benefits.

We may not shut our eyes to a great truth, that when these "benevolent associations" are not under direct spiritual watchfulness, they are apt to drift into political machines, and to perish with the first success or failure of a movement outside their avowed object.

The multitude of societies that are found in our cities and small towns, have led to the inquiry with which we commenced the article, viz., "Are these benevolent societies the result of circumstances which we cannot control?" Are they new in social history, or are they continuances or renewals of associations that existed long ago?

Only one or two, perhaps only one, of the many associations that distinguish the period—we do not

mean that any one association distinguishes the age (the age is marked by the all-pervading benevolent association), but only one claims an origin very distant in time and location. But a hasty look into the middle or dark ages, as people love to call the period in which the light of religion was allowed "to enlighten the Gentiles," will show that resort was had in "old times" to these same benevolent societies, with a view of alleviating individual misery, by the contributions of means from those who acknowledge the possibility that they too might need the aid which they were providing.

Certainly the social interests of man were highly appreciated by the Anglo-Saxons, and at a very early day we find them providing for their preservation. Hickes, in his Dissertation, gives some account of these benevolent societies, their origin and object, and his information is derived from the manuscripts of the compacts and rules existing in some parts of England.

These benevolent societies were in the early days called "Guilds," or "Guild Scipes." The first one mentioned was formed in Exeter, and was composed of eighteen members. The bishop and canons acceded to the guild. The instrument declared that the society was undertaken in mutual fraternity. The proposed objects of the union were that each family should, every year at Easter, pay one penny, and on the death of every member of the guild, should pay one penny, whether man or woman, for the soul's *scot*. The canons of Exeter were to have the "soul's scot," and perform the necessary rites. This guild-scipe closely resembles the ordinary existing beneficial society. The last provision shows that the Catholic religion mingled in and influenced the measures of the old guilds, as the provision for prayer

for dead members is eminently Catholic.

These guilds multiplied, as they were found to work beneficially for the members, and through them to the community generally, and they appear to have had the full sanction of the church.

The second guild mentioned by Hickes was at Exeter, and purports to have been made for "God's love and the soul's need of the members." They held their meetings three times a year, viz., at Michaelmas, midwinter, and at the holiday after Easter. Members attending were bound to bring a contribution of meal, malt, and honey, in quantities proportioned to their civil rank. A mass priest was to say a mass for the living friends, and another to say a mass for their dead friends, and every brother two psalms.

At the death of every member six psalms were to be chanted, and contributions were levied for any extraordinary misfortune, such as a fire, murder, &c. And fines were enforced for neglect in the payment of dues. And by way of insuring courtesy, it was ordered that if any member "misgreet" another, he was to pay thirty pence. The following is the beautiful close of the compact: "We pray for the love of God that every man hold this meeting rightly, as we have rightly agreed it should be. May God assist us in this!"

But mention is made of another guild or beneficial society, established in Cambridge, which seems to have imposed upon its members certain obligations not mentioned in the charters of those in Exeter to which we have just referred.

There was an oath required as well on entering the society as claiming recognition, and pecuniary assistance was assured to a member thus claiming, provided that with his right to claim was established the necessity for claim-

ing. And if he died his remains were to be conveyed to whatever place he had indicated. The guild was to assist in the burying by paying a portion of the cost, half the food at the interment, and every individual was to pay twopence for alms, and arrangements were made also for further contributions.

But here is a provision that certainly goes beyond any that we notice in modern beneficial societies, or any of the guilds that we have referred to. Here it follows:

"If any killed one of the guild, eight pounds were to be the compensation, and if the homicide did not pay it, all of the guild were to avenge their member, and to support the consequences. If one did it, all were to bear alike. If any of the guild killed any other person, and was in distress, and had to pay for the wrong, and the slain was a 'twelve-kind' person, every one of the guild must help with half a mark. If the slain be a Ceorl, let each pay two ora—or one ora if he be a Welshman."

It would seem by that that a Welshman was not of much consequence.

Rules are given as to what must be the mulcting for a guild's man that kills another wilfully or foolishly—he and his relations must abide the consequences, and pay eight pounds to the guild, or else be turned out.

There is another provision touching the homicide:

If any of the guild eat with a homicide, unless before the king, or the lord bishop, or the earldoman, he must pay a pound, unless, by two witnesses, he can prove that he did not know it.

There are regulations touching quarrels and bloodshed among the guild's men, which must be settled by money, and all the guild shall help pay it.

If any of the guild die or fall sick out of the district, let the guild

help him, and bring him home, as he wished, dead or alive. If he die at home and the guild neglect the burying, let a "syster of honey" be forfeited.

In this society, also as in one in Exeter, it is a great offence to "misgreet a brother"—to be settled by nothing less than a "syster of honey."

From these guilds, no doubt, came the guilds of trades, pursuits, and occupations in England, chiefly noticeable in London, where to be made a citizen of that great metropolis one must be a member of one of the guilds. The Duke of Wellington was, it is believed, a member of the worshipful "Fishmonger Company or Guild;" and only two years ago Lady Burdett Coutts had so far extended her truly marvellous charities, as to build a spacious market-house on a place in the lower and poorer part of London, which was wholly unable to purchase the ground and erect the building, and she added to the amount of her benefits by putting a good library in the upper part of the market-house, and furnishing a large hall therein for the meeting of the citizens. The city authorities of London, anxious to make a proper expression of gratitude for such a great favor, resolved to extend to Lady Coutts the freedom of the city, that is, make her a *citizen* of London, but they found that they could confer this honor upon no one that was not a member of one of the guilds; and it was found also that no woman had been made a "Guildsman" in London. So the ceremony of conferring citizenship upon that great and good lady was postponed till she was made a member of one of the guilds, which was soon done.

These trade guilds have existed for a long time in England. Whether they are continuations of the old guilds of Exeter and Cambridge, or were suggested by the peculiar social condition of trades-

men in London, at the time of their formation, it is difficult to say. Probably when they were formed little idea was entertained of their subsequent uses and importance.

Those who are or have been members of beneficial societies, wherever formed, will probably see in the constitution of those in Exeter and Cambridge something like that of which they have been members.

The beneficial societies of the present day (we speak only of those that are not of the class called secret societies) are not likely to lead to any of the evils which some persons have predicted from their variety and abundance. In that variety and that abundance lies the safety.

The Catholic beneficial societies have usually some special object—generally temperance. If that becomes a bond of union, little or no evil need be feared from the society, especially as in all cases the object is patent, and the church sanctions the association.

The multitude of societies and associations that abound in our city is greater than the most enthusiastic socialists could desire; it is beyond the means of supply, so that while the number of societies is kept up, and the full number of members is maintained on the roll, it is curious to notice that the whole number of these socialists—we use the term only as expressing membership in these societies—is not nearly equal to the number indicated by dividing the number contained on all the rolls by the number of societies, that is, if there are a hundred societies, and we suppose there are many hundred, and each society contains fifty members, there would seem to be five thousand members of these associations. But the fact is that as the people, rather numerous, are so much given to societies, that each enters half a dozen, with little

or no regard to their objects, provided they have O. P. directors and P. secretaries. These things do not manifest themselves to the world under ordinary circumstances, but when one of these society-loving persons chanced to die, for even such persons die, the papers announce the solemn fact with the rather less solemn invitation of members of the I. O. A. D. and the society Y. M. C. S., the honorable fraternity of O. U. K., and association of A. S. S., of which the deceased was an ex-archon.

The obituary column of the daily papers, especially that of the *Ledger*, often contains calls of still more societies than we have hinted at above, to attend the funeral of some man or woman who has died in the possession of full membership with the almost innumerable societies that overlap each other in this city.

We conclude from these pluralities of membership that the country has little to fear from the plurality of societies, because, if the ladies' society of U. S. A. S. should ever contemplate the overthrow of the republic, and in secret conclave devise and complete the means, somebody present would feel that in her relation with three or four other societies, she had a greater interest to see the government protected than to see it overthrown by the society of U. S. A. S. So the country is safe.

But how the domestic combination is to be maintained is more difficult to see. The husband, perhaps, is a member of the A. M. S., and his wife is led off by a promise that she shall be made R. H. D. of the Q. M. S. A.; so she joins, and at length finds that the objects of the society are exactly opposed to those of her husband's association, home comforts are jeopardized at

best, perhaps home-peace is destroyed.

Whatever relation modern benevolent societies bear to those of the Middle Ages, whether as lineal descendants or as imitators alone, it is certain that they differ in one respect. The modern associations admit women to their secret meetings; the ancient guilds were without that element of harmony and usefulness!!!

Society itself is a combination to prevent the strong from injuring the weak. These special associations are avowedly intended to apply the general principle in individual cases, and to secure the members from those miseries which circumstances beyond their control, or neglected means, might bring upon them. The multiplication of these combinations will interfere with beneficial operations in a social point of view, while the same almost marvellous multiplicity will prevent the injuries which many have predicted from this transfer of interest and allegiance from the state to the society.

We think it our duty to say, by way of explanation, that we approve of beneficial societies that bear upon them the impress of beneficence—the temperance societies, especially those that include in their plan the beneficial principle, that is, aid to members, not as alms, but as a right. We only mean to ridicule a little the multitude of small secret societies, whose titles, and the titles of whose multiplied officers, seem to exhaust the English alphabet. One benefit, however, does result from the existence of these associations: the advertising columns of some of the daily papers are crowded with notices of their meetings, and the advertising accounts of those papers must be wonderfully enriched thereby.

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

A STORY.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall in the stocks might have taken place. The worthy Doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalize himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-colored strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneypots, the

dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

“Whew! peste!” ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, “what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly I shall have one quiet evening this week.”

The words were scarcely out of the Doctor’s mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the Doctor’s countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

“My poor gentleman,” said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; “you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home, twice. He says that his mother is dying.”

“Diable!” exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. “Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty.”

“We shall be eternally grateful,” said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had en-

tered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the Doctor, questioning Bobonne, with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age—walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a carriage," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty."

The housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat—no one of the Doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the Doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone downstairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of divinity or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hacks

step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the Doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the carriage. On getting out, the Doctor recognized the house as one of the largest in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The door was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes—in one particular—in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the Doctor, sententially.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life—but just a little—health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois

ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler and coat, and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practiced eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the Doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable desert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the Doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder,

clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montsorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant Doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see;" Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can,"

eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted here; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old house in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the Doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fulness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before,

to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the Cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The house in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the

disaster that had overtaken her; and, to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the Doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the Doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR:

I am in want of money immediately; please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the Doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so

great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the house, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The Doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer water; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the Doctor, without moving.

"What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat.

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked towards the house, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the house all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

THE DIVINE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Christian religion, coming from God, must be uniform and unchangeable, preserving its original purity and integrity, and transmitting to the latest generation of mankind the truth of the one faith, and the opportunity for adoring one God in sincerity and truth. We know, and believe, that it has been revealed for the glory of God and for the benefit of man. Accordingly, the same will which inclined our Sovereign Benefactor to bestow this revelation on man, must induce him to preserve it divinely, identified with truth, eternally secure from alteration, and unchangeably agreeable to his ineffable sanctity. These propositions cannot be disputed; neither do they require proofs amongst the believers in revelation. Nevertheless, we gratified ourselves with a review of the Scripture testimonies, that show us what glorious things have been said of the Church, "*The City of God;*" all of which declare emphatically, that as there is only "*one Lord, there is one faith*"—so that if an angel from heaven should teach any other gospel than that which has been received from the beginning, he must be accursed. Thence we have been led to inquire about the means provided for the visible preservation of this holy system of religion, and for its diffusion amongst the servants, added daily by the Lord unto his saving fold. St. Paul answers our inquiry, stating that, "*God at sundry times, and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the Fathers by the Prophets, and last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by his Son.*" Guided by this instruction of the apostle we have seen a tribunal erected in the Church, divinely authorized and divinely qualified for the work of teaching. We have

traced its existence unto the time of Christ's public mission. Now, we will examine whether it has been continued under the gospel dispensation.

Open the books of the gospel and ask, what was Christ doing throughout the forty days that he remained on earth after his resurrection? What communication did he hold with his apostles? Was he merely conversing with them for their personal benefit? Most certainly not, else he need not remain in the midst of them. He might have communicated his graces privately, as he had often done with thousands of saints. He was acting in unison with that clemency which induced him to dwell visibly on earth for the fulfilment of ancient prophecy; he was then testifying to his apostles that he would not "*leave them orphans;*" he was cementing that grand construction of religious truth against which the impulse of error cannot prevail; he was then giving his last instructions concerning the kingdom of God—pointing out its struggles through a sinful world, and determining the method of its government; he was then delegating to their ministry that triumphant never-ceasing instruction, which, being preserved to the Church, has not allowed God, at any time, to be so overpowered that the spirit of darkness could overspread the entire world, and leave a Lord jealous of his worship without one pure adorer. Such was the termination of his mission; then it was that a divinely authorized tribunal succeeded him.

Certainly no one will deny that the power given to Christ in heaven and on earth is infallible for the execution of its designs, and that

it is a divine security to all who put their trust in it. Behold! it is this same power which is pledged; by its strength the Christian Church has been raised; by its commandments the Christian ministry has been instructed; by its suggestion the Christian truth shall ever be remembered. "*All power is given to me,*" said Christ, "*in heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*" Observe well the authority, the charge conferred! "*Go and teach.*" It comes to the ministry directly from the Divine Word—it subjects the whole human race to them for instruction. They speak no longer in their own persons, but in that of Christ, and they do so in consequence of his having all power in heaven and on earth. They speak no longer their own words or sentiments, but the things Christ commanded them to teach. No power on earth can impede their progress, can alter their course, can darken their passage unto the consummation of ages; because, Christ, *who is the way, the truth, and the life*, says he is with them. As we, even in these latter days, form a portion of the world, to be taught in the manner prescribed, it becomes our duty to avoid every voice of novelty, every theory or pretence of religion based on human principles. We turn away with distaste from those who, having nothing to teach, would endeavor to blind us by an improper excitement of human pride, flattering our weak judgment, telling us to search the Scriptures, to interpret, to assert our independence, by teaching ourselves. Thus, indeed, we would become more important, at least in presumption, than the apostles who taught not the results of their own inquiry, not what they judged best, but exactly that which had been imparted to them when collected in a body around their divine Master, or bow-

ing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost. Our belief in the manifest unfailing teaching of the Church makes us turn towards the apostles not of one day, or of one age, but to those who, in a body, in a ministry, are teaching unto the consummation of ages. We detect the arrogance of imbecile man—of that man who, by his prying curiosity, was ruined in Eden—when we hear a voice exclaiming, "*Search!*" We recognize the word by whom all things were made, when we hear the authoritative voice exclaiming, "*Teach!*" Accordingly, we look not merely at what has been written, but we listen to whatsoever has been commanded to be observed—we listen to the voice that gives full account of many things said and done by Christ, which, according to St. John, are not written in the Bible.

The legislation of Christ on this constitution of the Church is without parallel, even in his own ordinances. It is the masterpiece of law in the sacred volume, and places the authority of the Church, in matters of faith, in such legal pre-eminence that it cannot be questioned, or set aside. Observe the unsurpassed charter: 1st. The appointment and source of power, "*As the Father sent me, I send you.*" 2d. The knowledge requisite to discharge the duties, "*All things which I heard from the Father, I have made known to you.*" 3d. The office to be discharged, "*Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel.*" 4th. The subjects of their jurisdiction, "*Go ye and preach the gospel to every creature.*" 5th. The extent of territory subject to them, "*Go ye into all nations.*" 6th. The obedience to be paid to them, "*He that hears you hears me.*" 7th. The crime of not obeying them, "*He who despises you despises me.*" 8th. The rewards and penalties attached to their authority, "*Go ye and*

preach, and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be condemned." 9th. The security and certitude attached to their office, "*Lo, I am with you.*" 10th. The terms for tenure of their office, "*All days, even to the consummation of the world.*" 11th. The legislative bond of Christ to the ministry as a guarantee for the trust to be reposed in them, "*And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" 12th. The presence and the instruction of the Holy Ghost forever as a further security, "*I will send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who will bring to your recollection all things whatsoever I have told you, and who will abide with you forever.*" Here, decidedly, as far as words can express it, is a clear legislative enactment of Christ appointing a permanent court on earth to the consummation of the world, where the Holy Ghost presides, and where he instructs men to preach and teach forever, with whom Christ is forever, who are to be heard, as men should hear himself, who have his authority as teachers, who are to teach every creature and all nations, and against the truth of whose ordinances the gates of hell shall not prevail. There is no language in the Scripture, stronger, clearer, more decided than this enactment; it is clear as the truth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ. I read it with the same evidence; I believe it with the same certainty.

The Saviour had already directed attention to the constitution of his Church, found in unerring teaching on the one hand, and obedient hearing on the other. In the 18th chapter of St. Mathew he says: "*If thy brother shall offend against thee go and rebuke him, between him and thee alone; and if he will not hear thee, take one or two more, and if he will not hear them, tell the Church, and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to*

thee as the heathen and the publican." Our Saviour here refers unto the Church the final decision on dissensions amongst neighbors, and that in cases where the ordinary means failed, and expressly commands obedience under the penalty of reprobation; therefore, there is a power in the Church to give a sentence beyond any other private or public authority, and that power is divine. It is divine because a disobedience to it classifies a man with the impious heathen and immoral publican. It is proper to remark the analogy between the precept here given by Christ and the ordinance described in the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy. There is discernible a perfect identity in the tribunal of all dispensations, though the penalty for disobedience is different, being, under the inferior Mosaic covenant, corporeal death; under the exalted covenant of redemption, owing to the magnitude of crime in rejecting greater grace, eternal reprobation. If the tribunal of the Church were not divinely truthful, how could Christ command a person to yield to its decision under such a penalty, even though he may have rejected all other authority upon the same point, with impunity and without a censure? When the Church speaks, there is heard the last decisive voice, therefore it must be of divine authority. Yes, such truly is the case, for Christ assures us that the visible proceedings of the Church regarding any particular subject are one and the same with the proceedings in heaven: "*Whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.*" Now that there may not be any doubt concerning an identity of the power on earth and in heaven, Jesus Christ puts the matter beyond the reach of cavilling when he says (Luke 10th), addressing his ministry; "*He that heareth you heareth me, and he that des-*

piseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." How clear, decided, and emphatic this declaration of the identity of the authority of the Church on earth with that of God in heaven! Equally strong is the argument formed on this passage of holy writ, namely, "Whoever heareth Christ submits to a divine tribunal and cannot be led into error, but whoever heareth the Church, heareth Christ; therefore, whoever heareth the Church submits to a divine tribunal and cannot be led into error." May we expect anything clearer? Yes, the Saviour renders this point more decided when he says: "*As the Father sent me I also send you.*" Now there can be no doubt that the Father sent him with full divine authority to instruct mankind unerringly about faith and morals, with an obligation that he should be heard, believed, and obeyed. Hence his distinction, "*He spoke as one having authority, not as the Scribes and Pharisees.*" Therefore, the Church having the same authority and power as that which distinguished the humanity and earthly mission of Christ, we have therein instituted a divinely organized tribunal, which is unerring and unfailing like the authority of its adorable Founder. There are some persons inclined to think that the privilege so manifestly established by the plainest language of holy truth was bestowed only on the apostles, or perhaps limited to the apostolic age, and primitive preaching. In a matter of such vital importance, we require something more than vain ungrounded assertions or surmises. There is not a text of Scripture, nor is there even a conjecture of reason to support this supposed limitation. In all the addresses made by the Saviour to his apostles, he avoids every expression indicating a merely personal power or temporary

commission. On the contrary, he uses such words as declare a perpetual continuity, or he annexes their mission to his own, so that every one may understand that the office of the Master and the ministry being the same, is in effect to last to the end of time. Thus, for example, in the passages just quoted, he establishes the mission of the apostles throughout all ages and nations on "*His own power,*" and unites the respect due to their teaching word with the respect due to the Father who is in heaven. Now as the authority of Christ never fails, nor is the respect due to the Father ever dispensed with, it necessarily follows that the privilege once so established and united is of perpetual duration. Consequently the divine virtue in teaching once given to the Church in the persons of the apostles, must last as long as Christ is all-powerful, and as long as the Father is worthy of our respect. Judas may apostatize, Paul may die, even the heavens and earth will pass away, still the word of Christ will remain efficient for its purposes. Matthias will take the place of Judas, Timothy will succeed Paul, and so on through a succession of instruments the hand of omnipotence will sustain the Church true to its title, "*The Pillar and Ground of Truth.*"

I may now confidently ask, would Christ have given such authority to his Church; would he have so plainly defined its jurisdiction; would He have obliged man, under the penalty of reprobation (such as befalls the heathen and publican), to be submissive and obedient to its decision, if he did not constitute it the certain and secure means for the constant and unchangeable teaching of the truths of religion?

If anything more should be required in proof of our proposition, we may receive a practical illustration from the preaching and authoritative action of the Apostles.

If we have any doubt regarding the proper signification of Christ's words, from whom can we expect an explanation, if not from the Apostles? We are about to receive information from the Apostles already in action, delivering to the people that instruction which is to be the daily enlightenment of the flock until the end of time. Turn to St. Paul doing towards the Ephesians that which the Lord ordered to be done forever by his ministry, namely, "teaching the things commanded to be observed;" and we find him plainly speaking of a divinely constituted tribunal such as we have mentioned. He declares, Eph. 4, that Christ appointed in his Church "*Apostles, and some Prophets, and other Evangelists, and others Pastors and Teachers.*" Here we observe the constituents of the Church ministry introduced by St. Paul. The Apostles were the only persons addressed by Christ on the subject of teaching and of administration; yet St. Paul sets before us some pastors and teachers, so that here we clearly perceive a succession to the Apostles. Let us ask, why are these given? Most certainly in order that we might confide in their authority, and in their teaching have a security for our faith. Yes; for St. Paul continues to say that this was done, "*for the work of the ministry.*" Let us further ask him, what is the work of the ministry? He answers, "*To prevent our being children, tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive.*" Nothing can be more conclusive than this testimony of the Apostle, assuring us that we are not left to our own searching, to the exertion of our own judgment, to the issue of our prayers for an inward spirit of interpretation. We have been placed by Christ under a ministry

having in deposit the things Christ commanded to be observed, and by hearing not what this man thinks or what another man judges, but the doctrine handed down from pastor to pastor, we will avoid being deceived by wicked and crafty men. All this becomes, if possible, more forcibly established by the same apostle declaring that "*Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.*" Let us ask how will the word be communicated? Certainly, by preachers. Yes, most certainly; for, St. Paul continues, "How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard?" "And how shall they hear without a preacher?" Rom. 10. Let us ask again, are we bound to believe the preachers? Yes; for Christ says (Mark 15): "*Preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . he that believeth not shall be condemned.*" Here a difficulty arises. It is even proposed by St. Paul, who says, "*How shall they preach unless they be sent?*" May not some persons come in the way without being sent? Yes; such are mentioned in Scripture: "*I did not send prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. . . . Hearken not to such prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you.*" Great, indeed, is the difficulty. On the one hand I am bound, under pain of reprobation, to believe the preachers; on the other hand, there may be preachers who will be liars! There is evidently a necessity for the existence of a visible divine authority to give a mission to preachers, whose very mission is a warrant that we will hear the truth. Nay, more; even after being sent, some persons may preach falsehood, as some attempted in the days of St. Paul. There is a necessity for a tribunal to instruct them in what is right—to condemn them when wrong—and this is precisely pointed out by St. Paul saying to the Hebrews, 13:

"Obey your prelates, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls." And they are fitted for this office of watching, because, as he said, *"The Holy Ghost placed them bishops to rule the Church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood."* Acts 20.

The reliance which the apostle of the Gentiles had upon the efficiency of a divinely appointed tribunal existing in the Church is clearly expressed, when he says to the Corinthians, 1, ch. 2: *"If any man seem to be contentious we have no such custom, nor the Church of God;"* and he prohibits all contentions, all divisions, all schisms, wishing all to be of one mind and one judgment. Without such a tribunal as we speak of, it would be absurd to expect any body of men to be of the same mind, the same judgment, and without divisions, contentions, and schisms. All this, however, St. Paul expressly required; therefore he

taught that there was in the Church an unerring standard of orthodoxy—a perpetual, immovable centre of unity, an unfailing power to instruct the ignorant, to decide the doubtful, to control the passionate.

If there be anything plain, easy, and intelligible, where is it to be found, if not in the numerous passages just cited? We have not given them our own interpretation. We have not distorted them by any forced construction, and they certainly lead us to a conclusion wrought up in the language of St. Paul, that there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism; and therefore one true Church ruled by a ministry placed by the Holy Ghost, whereby we are saved from winds of error and snare of craftiness, and there we find the means established by Divine Providence for preserving uniform faith and worship in every age and nation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RITUALE ROMANUM PAULI V. PONTIFICIS MAXIMI JUSSU EDITUM ET A BENEDICTO XIV. Auctum et castigatum cui Novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum APPENDIX. Excudebat JOANNES MURPHY, Summi Pontificis, Atque Archiepiscopi Baltimorensis Typographus. Baltimori, 1873.

THE ROMAN RITUAL (A New and Complete Edition), with THE APPENDIX, approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and other ADDITIONS, suited to the wants and convenience of the Clergy of the United States. Ordered by the Tenth Prov. Council of Baltimore.

Some years ago, Messrs. Murphy & Co. received from our Holy Father, Pius IX, a gold medal in acknowledgment of their services as Catholic typographers, and by the accompanying letter or brief, they were at the same time awarded the honorable title, "PRINTERS TO THE

POPE." The distinction may have sounded a little strange to our republican ears, and we are not quite certain that we did not indulge in a quiet little democratic smile at what we may have considered to be but an empty honor. We retract the suspicion, and change the smile into one of approbation, at what seems to be the best evidence on the part of these gentlemen to bear those honors deservedly, and as the foremost proof of which, we direct attention to the work before us.

To the prelates and clergy we need scarcely point out its beauties or its merits, though with regard to the latter, we will simply say that they seem to consist principally in the extraction from older editions of the various forms of benedictions of knights' accoutrements, forms of consecration of kings, and similar ceremonies, which are practically obsolete in our age and country, and in the substitution therefor of forms of ceremonial

for objects which the exigencies of modern times have rendered subjects of the Church's benediction, such as telegraphs and railways. But, independent of these advantages, this book possesses a value even to those among the laity who do not take an interest in ritualistic researches or practices. If such persons will take the trouble to look at the title-pages of our Latin missals, breviaries, and rituals, they will discover that they are all printed in Europe. This publication, therefore, possesses an intrinsically historical interest, from the fact that it is the first offering of the kind from the American Church and an American press. As a mere publication it is a triumph of typography, probably as yet unexcelled in America. The Baltimore *Daily Sun*, speaking of this work, calls it "a notable book;" and the *Catholic Review*, of Brooklyn, adds:

"American typography has just won a triumph—which we are glad to claim for the house of Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, printers to the Holy See and the Archbishop of Baltimore—in a beautiful and correct edition of the Roman Ritual, printed in two colors. It is, we believe, the first time any Catholic publisher in America has attempted the publication of a real rubricated edition of the complete Ritual. As an evidence of the enterprise displayed in bringing out this work, we may state that Messrs. Murphy were obliged to have cut, expressly for it, the music type. We can readily understand the difficulties in every department they had to contend with in the inexperience of workmen in this class of work, and it is much to the credit of American typography and publishing, that a book, in every way so commendable, has been brought out. Since forming our opinion of this edition, we have had the advantage of having it strengthened by that of an eminent clergyman of great experience in such matters."

We regret the absence of the woodcuts which adorn some of the other editions, not because they are an embellishment to the book, but because they are of great assistance in showing the proper manner of performing many of the ceremonies thus illustrated. These objections, if they amount to faults, are so slight as to be perhaps hardly worth noticing. In conclusion, therefore, while tendering the publishers our congratulations, we will merely mention the fact that its compilation was committed, by the Provincial Council which ordered it, to the late Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding, and that he was so fully satisfied with its literary execution, that he

gave it his entire approbation, though it was reserved for his successor to commend it in its typographical completeness.

NORMANDY PICTURESQUE. By Henry Blackburne, author of "Art in the Mountains," "Travelling in Spain," "The Pyrenees," "Artists and Arabs," &c., with numerous illustrations. First American from second London edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

This is really a charming little traveler's sketch-book of a tour through out-of-the-way places in romantic old Normandy. The great mass of tourists have, as a usual thing, only an opportunity to view the principal places on the line of general travel. Yet these are not always the most noteworthy objects; but people who really want to know and study the habits and customs of the populations of the lands through which they are journeying, who wish to see the country as tradition has represented it, must do as Mr. Blackburne has done, with the veritable characteristic of the artist-life seek the byways of travel, and being willing to pay for the advantages they confer in the little romantic discomforts which the absence of the iron-horse engenders, pitch their metaphorical tents, and live for a few weeks in the *dolce far niente* style.

Normandy, however, is not so badly off in branch railroads, and good old gabled places of entertainment, as to require the tourist to carry his tent and wallet on his back. Nor is its principal watering-place, Trouville, entirely ignored by our travelling public; but to most persons such quaint and interesting old towns as Pont Audemar, Lisieux, Caen, Coutance, Falaise, and other notable places in the province, are merely known as railway stations. Yet a perusal of Mr. Blackburne's charming little "blue and gold" handbook, with its dainty contents both in the typographical and literary order, to say nothing of the quaint old woodcuts of quaint old places, and queer-looking people, will, while serving to while away a pleasant hour of literary travel to those who have never crossed the sea, at the same time provoke the regret of those who having enjoyed that advantage will be likely to exclaim, "Oh, pshaw! Why didn't we go there?" We have just one fault to find with this book—only one—and that a too common one with some writers, who not understanding what they are talking about, when discussing the religious practices of the people in Catholic countries, do not content themselves with

mere descriptions, but endeavor to render their accounts a little spicy by sprinkling them over with their own views and opinions. Mr. Blackburne is a little too liberal in this respect, and though hardly what we might call bigoted, is, nevertheless, a little too caustic in his comments.

ARTISTS AND ARABS; OR, SKETCHING IN SUNSHINE. By Henry Blackburne, author of "Normandy Picturesque," &c., &c., with numerous illustrations. Boston: James S. Osgood & Co. 1873.

"Green and gold," instead of the *azure et or*, is the only external difference between this and the above-named companion work by the same author. Herein, however, he takes us a little further from home, and to a still greater *terra incognita*. So we fly with him on the wings of thought, in his far winter flight across the Mediterranean to Algiers, and learn the advantages of winter studies in the South, and of sketching in the open air among semi-Oriental, and semi-European regions; where the great St. Augustine swayed, centuries ago, his episcopal crozier; where the far-famed Corsairs sailed forth in piratical enterprises of romantic daring, or where the renowned Aïd-el-kader proved a *dux strenuus* against the magnificently equipped hosts of conquering France, but where now we suspect the eyes of fair Moorish houris form an attraction second only to the lovely climate and picturesque landscape.

Mr. Blackburne treats his theme with the united grace of the poet's pen and the artist's pencil, and the sprightly chattiness of the genial *compagnon du voyage* which mark all his works.

CATECHISM OF THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By R. F. R. Pierik, S.J. Translated and republished from *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Supplied at the office of *The Messenger*. Maryland: Woodstock Howard Co. 1873.

The very name of this book should insure it a rapid sale of many editions. The devotion of which it treats is rapidly becoming so general and so magnificently demonstrative that it may, in a certain sense, be called the standard of Christianity throughout the world in the combats of the Church in the present age.

Being no longer a private devotion, but one of the most prominent results of the Church's workings among the faithful, it has naturally attracted the attention of those outside the Church, who are, of course, anxious to know what is meant by its practice, and what is taught by its

doctrine. There are many Catholics, we fear, who could not satisfactorily answer either of these questions for themselves, much less explain them to others, yet they are strictly bound in conscience to be able to do both, and the publication of this little book "uniting clearness and brevity with theological exactness," and cheap enough to be within the reach of all, removes any grounds of excuse for ignorance of the history and nature of the subject on which it treats, or for consequent failure to spread as much as possible this glorious devotion.

CATECHISM OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER. By a Missionary Priest. Supplied at the office of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Maryland: Woodstock Howard Co. 1873.

"The Apostleship of Prayer" is intimately connected with the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and this catechetical and exponential treatise is a companion work to the above. The contents are a republication from that excellent devotional magazine published in the interest of both devotions, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, from the press of the Jesuit Fathers, at Woodstock College.

CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED—A TREASURE FOR THE SICK. Practical instructions for the comfort of the sick and afflicted. Translated from the French by Anna T. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

This is a commendable little book, comprising prayers and meditation suitable for the sick and afflicted, compiled from high and approved sources. In addition to the soothing influence which it offers to the weary and heavy-laden, it affords excellent instruction, on points of which many Catholics are lamentably ignorant, such as the manner of praying for a departing soul, or the proper arrangements for the disposition of the dead previous to burial, formulæ of associations, of prayer for the dead, the souls in purgatory, and many similar themes. We cheerfully recommend it not only to those for whom it is intended, but also as suitable to worldlings in reflective moments, as well calculated to divert their thoughts in a most salutary direction.

The book is beautifully printed on tinted paper, with red edges, and neatly bound, being neither unduly sombre in contents or appearance. It bears the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Montreal, written very appropriately during the prevalence of the small-pox in that city in the winter and spring of 1872.

